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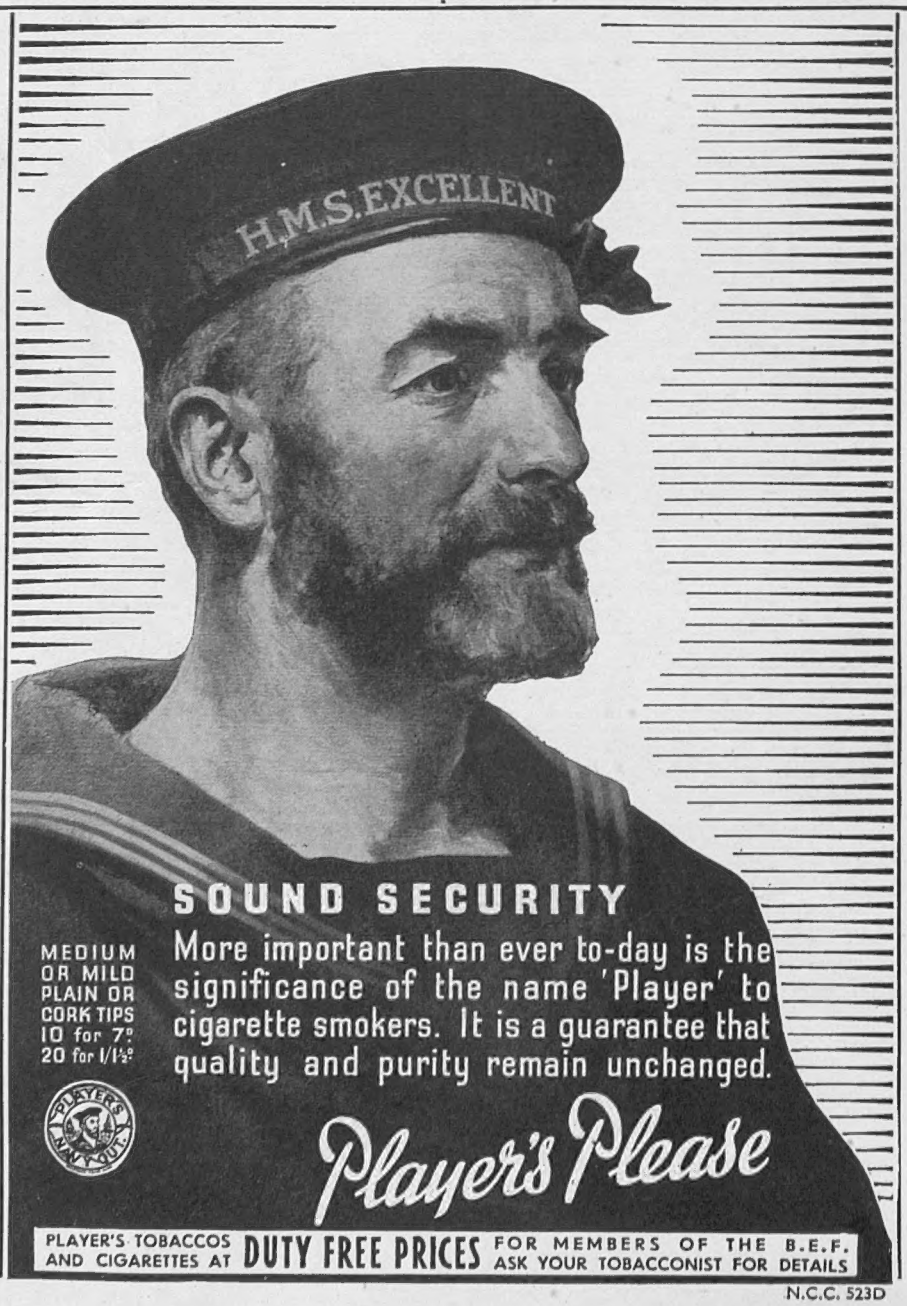

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, March 23, 1940

BRITISH TANKS IN FRANCE

The New "Cavalry" Keep their Hand in Whilst Awaiting the Spring Offensive

As our readers well know by now, the cavalry of the British Army have been replaced by tanks. The mobility of the modern light tank is something to wonder at. They are able to operate over the roughest of country and extricate themselves in an amazing manner from all sorts of seemingly impossible positions. This picture from France shows cavalry tanks carrying out exercises behind the lines: it well illustrates the type of country they are called on to traverse. For the moment, of course, there are no opportunities for the employment of tanks in the warfare now being waged; but there is no knowing when they will be ordered into the line to form the spearhead of attack against the enemy

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

DR. BENES SPEAKS AT THE OXFORD UNION

This is one of the very few pictures ever taken in the Oxford Union during the progress of a debate. It shows Dr. Eduard Benes, the Czechoslovakian President, declaring "I am for Democracy" as he leans against the Dispatch Box when addressing the crowded Union in opposition to the motion "That this House has no faith in liberal Western Democracy as a basis of Government." Like most debates at the Oxford Union, many of the speakers showed little knowledge of actual practical politics

LUNCH-HOUR CONCERTS IN THE CITY

Eight lunch-time concerts are now being given in the wonderful and historic Clothworkers' Hall for the benefit of those City workers who feel the need of intellectual stimulus in these troublous times. Lady Wakefield is paying for the concerts; and the proceeds will go—without deduction—to the Lady Mayoress' Comforts Fund for the Troops. This picture was taken at the opening concert and shows Poulshnoff giving a Chopin recital

A WAR NEWSLETTER

32–34, ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, March 20, 1940

FINLAND'S CHOICE.—

None can resist a sigh of relief that one of the tragedies of to-day is at least removed from his eyes. Finland has made peace and (it seems) a peace dictated by conquerors. She has lost her "Glasgow" and her "Essex and Suffolk" and her "Isle of Wight." She did what she did with her eyes open, and no doubt humanity considerations played their part in her decision. Even lion-hearted soldiers and fighters cannot fail to be influenced in vital decisions affecting national freedom by the agonies which their women and children were called on to suffer. They have yielded as a conquered people yield, but their conquerors have received as humiliating and tremendous a defeat as history can show. The Finns had only to say the word to receive from the Allies a perfectly-equipped and well-trained army, a force not decisive, but immensely valuable. But they chose surrender, and they are the best judges. Whether their surrender implies more or less safety for their Scandinavian "brothers," whether it means lasting peace in Scandinavia, time will show, and a short time perhaps. The glory of the Finnish resistance is an epic apart. Politics do not enter into that epic and political decisions can never tarnish it. The Finnish army has won imperishable fame and the story of its resistance becomes part of the world's heroic literature. Soviet Russia has sustained a colossal humiliation to her arms; her reputation as a great war machine has gone with her reputation for political decency and for sincerity of ideology. She has proved herself a clumsy, ill-equipped ruffian, a bully and a braggart shown up; a snatcher from the weak; a fit ally for Nazi Germany.

ASSASSINATION.—

There is no armour against Fate; no means of preventing the crimes of lunatics. Public men must always be at the mercy of political assassins unless they live in cages as prisoners. The most brutish and senseless of all forms of revenge is also the least effective. So ineffective has it proved that no one who has recourse to political assassination can be truly adjudged as sane enough to plead. Amritsar may still be a bitter memory in many minds; the bitterness is not lessened by the murder of an old man who had had his day and finished his service. The indiscriminate shooting was the crime of a lunatic, and nothing can prevent such crimes. For even strong, healthy nations produce their quota of sub-men. It is just one more tragedy in a world of tragedy.

THE JIG-SAW PUZZLE EXPERTS.—

Neither Mr. Welles nor Ribbentrop can, with their limited experience and not very ripe years, be quite up to the tremendous tasks they have set themselves of late. Ribbentrop went to Rome to re-sort the pieces hastily forced into the Axis puzzle by the inclusion of odd pieces of Russian origin. In the short time at his disposal he had to explain to the Duce that Germany is still the bulwark against Communism, while convincing Stalin that Nazism and Communism are one and indivisible. He had to make clear to the Pope that the Catholic Poles are having a very good time. And having made these adjustments and dissipated these monstrous suspicions, he undertook the further duty of whipping-up the Axis again to war tempo. It would be only necessary to explain to the Duce that Russian and Italian aims and interests in the Balkans are in complete harmony, that Germany has none, and that Britain and France are as determined on the destruction of Italy as of Germany. Only a young and very vain diplomat would have set out on such a lightning mission after giving to the Press an authoritative pronouncement that his mission would be a turning point in the war. Mr. Welles' mission, if less active and desperate, was none the less difficult of accomplishment. Somehow one felt that this youngish man of superlative wardrobe hardly possessed the qualifications to achieve in a week or two what experienced European statesmen have failed to achieve in years—a workable theory about what is in the minds of the dictators and what is the state of things, economic and political, inside Germany and Italy. He will issue his report to Mr. Roosevelt, but somehow I fancy it will not be very solidly based.

LORD CRAWFORD.—

Lord Crawford died last week comparatively young just when some hope of recovery had been given. He was the eldest son of the 26th Earl, who was a notable scientist and an early pioneer in photography. I remember him and his eccentric dress, for as a child I sat for a photograph in his study at Balcarres, and have a copy of it somewhere still. It was a large family, and there was and is a "medieval" charm about his generation of Lindsays. He had it in full measure, in his beautiful voice, his slow answers, his trenchant opinions always calmly and courteously expressed, even in the darkness of his complexion under a wide felt hat which gave him a monkish appearance. Some of these characteristics are even stronger in his brother Sir Ronald, in whom the deep voice and slow answer are accentuated and give a wonderful impression of reliability and wisdom and common sense. He was the owner of beautiful pictures beautifully arranged on the walls of his house in London and at Balcarres in Fife, and he came to know a great deal about them and about art and Italian art in particular. He wrote on Donatello and on many art subjects, and was for years a trustee of the National and National Portrait Galleries and a leader in a score of cultural and social service fields. He knew Italy and her language thoroughly. Lord Crawford was in the Commons for many years, representing a division in Lancashire, in which county he owned a valuable property and Haigh Hall near Wigan. He held office and once at least had a seat in the Cabinet (at the end of the war). During a part of the war he served as a corporal in the R.A.M.C., a fine gesture for a man over fifty. He will be a great loss to our national culture, and was a strong link with our great traditions of duty and service performed by big landowners and members of the once privileged and governing class.

THE LONDON LIBRARIAN.

—Sir Charles Hagberg Wright died within a year of the centenary of the great library which he had long controlled and whose membership he succeeded in doubling. The London Library during his rule changed beyond recognition and was improved beyond telling. He was put in charge of it in 1893 and began almost at once to produce order out of chaos, a chaos which might have struck terror upon the boldest heart. For there were books everywhere, blocking the stairs, mouldering in the basements, blocking the counters. He devised a new system of cataloguing and storing, he supervised additional building at the back and sides of the St. James's Square premises. His ideas for cataloguing, assessing values, weeding out, arranging by subjects and subject indexing, have influenced a hundred libraries all over the world and the London clubs in particular owe much to him and the assistants he trained. Very soon his labours bore fruit. Time and again, since I had to do with books, I have gone in with a list of obscure volumes, to receive them in a parcel within three minutes and no questions asked. And I could and did keep them for months on end. I wonder how many volumes he lost in a year? To judge by the annual losses at my own club, I should think 1,000 would be no exaggerated estimate. But he was a sleuth for his books. None left the library *with books* who had entered on a "family ticket." There was no family ticket. The man who paid the subscription might enjoy the books in his own home. Nowhere, no one, else. Sir Charles, like all efficient men, was something of a benevolent tyrant. He knew an amazing lot about his subscribers, knew what they were doing, and if they were authors, what they were writing, and very often he "threw in" a useful book of reference unknown to the author. Of books and literature he was, of course, a mine of knowledge, and of the larger world beyond the library door a keen student, and a man of great experience. Russia was the chief field of his literary interest and he wrote on many facets of Russian life. He was a big figure in the world of literature, a faithful and distinguished servant of books, a great Permanent Secretary in the Ministry of Information—the best, the permanent, Ministry of that contentious designation.

HOLIDAYS AS USUAL.—

"Business as usual" was a slogan of 1914 which was dropped like a hot coal. "Holidays as usual" is a new slogan of 1940, Government sponsored, employer and T.U.C. guaranteed. It is a fine idea; war or no war, and especially in war, holidays are necessary. I know it. I last had a holiday somewhere about 1938 and I should like another. But for many of us there is no substitute for our small, important tasks. And for that far larger section of the nation, to whom holidays are ordained by authority, where are the means of implementing the concession? Splendid as the railways are, travel is fatigue and vexation; patience, fortitude, and surplus cash are needed for railway journeys. Surplus cash is still needed for lodgings and hotel charges. There are no rich to-day. Those who in old days were wont once a year to transport a family of six or seven to the north of Scotland for a month's visit to friends (and for the children to lodgings) found it cost them about £80 to £100. It would cost no less to-day. Where to-day is the £100? Or, pitching it lower and narrowing the radius, where is the £50? Holidays? Yes, by all means, but not holidays as usual. Busman's holidays—holidays spent at home doing the inevitable chores in reverse order for a change.

ANGLO-FRENCH AMBULANCE CORPS.—

Someone argued recently apropos of private schemes for helping our ally that it was all rather like "taking in each other's washing" and that it would save charitable energy and trouble if France looked after her own needs and Britain Britain's. But that is a cool and inhuman argument. The spirit of a gift is what counts. So in the scheme, recently launched by the above-named corps, to repeat the gifts of ambulances supplied in 1914–18 by British Friends of France, it is not only the needs of the French Army which we shall be helping to supply. Even more important, we shall be showing in practical form our appreciation of the stupendous effort which our friend and ally is making

—No. XXIX

in the field. And if that appreciation does not cry out to be expressed time and time again, then indeed no effort ever deserved to be acclaimed. The provision and equipment of one ambulance is £500. Dozens of cities, boroughs, firms, and individuals have already promised to provide one or more, and each ambulance so provided may bear the donor's name along the roads of France which for three generations have known the wear and tear, the agony and pain, of war. Any gift towards the fund, however small or large, is welcomed. It is a privilege—almost a duty—to respond. Send your gift *now*—the first fleet is nearly ready for dispatch—to the treasurers, Anglo-French Ambulance Corps, 33, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

WAR AND CULTURE.—

It is notorious that war raises the most complex problems in every field. The supreme task is often stated: to put every ounce of the nation's energy into the efficient prosecution of war. And when that is said, a hundred claimants raise their voices. "But what about us?" Education of the rising generation, medical research for the future, houses for slum-dwellers, roads, art, literature. And sometimes a thoughtful Minister qualifies the wording of that supreme duty and declares that we mustn't forget the peace beyond the war and must go on planning for higher civilisation. Half the nation is engaged all day long on prosecuting the war *vi et armis*. The other half is employed only indirectly or part-time. For the rest, we go on with our jobs, paint our pictures, write our books, play our instruments, act our stage parts, doctor the sick, lay the bricks, till the fields. Some of these jobs are held to be essential war work, agriculture for example. Others are not so. But—and this *must* be right—war does not relieve us of our responsibility to do our very best in our jobs which are not essential to a victory in war. Still our books must be produced with infinite care. Still it matters that we get a true picture of Cromwell, or Byron, or Alfred the Great, or of whomsoever we have chosen for our biographical subject. It may seem to matter very little to-day whether our book is good and whether or not it is published. But . . . yes. Even that small effort of ours is contributing to victory, to the ultimate victory, the triumph of truth and the betterment of mankind by an increase in knowledge and culture. In a word, war must be waged with dignity and vision and culture. Else we deny the very object for which we took up arms.

A SHORTER BIBLE.—

I applauded Lord Dawson's recent letter to *The Times* suggesting that the habit of reading the Bible would be stimulated in the public by the production of a "smaller Bible," from which would be removed much that does not now carry weight or evoke interest with the present generation. There is in the Bible much that puzzles, much that shocks, some that bores and some which does not benefit the reader of to-day and, for all I know, of any day. There remains a great literature which uplifts, comforts, educates and guides struggling humanity. There are thousands in England, I know, who read it every day. Some for comfort only, some for comfort and pleasure, and many like myself for comfort, pleasure, and education, the very reasons for which as a writer and a frail human being I read Shakespeare. The Bible as it stands is too long, much of it carries no conviction and indeed weakens the force of what is vital. The Bible which is wanted is a book for the pocket and the bedside. It was my quarrel with that splendid book *The Bible designed to be read as Literature*, edited by Mr. Bates, that it was utterly impossible to hold it for reading without a book rest. You may say, there are New Testaments, and Old, in handier size. True, but I want a book which I can carry in which both the Song of Solomon and the Acts of the Apostles figure. I want the pure poetry of the one and the utter certainty of conviction of the other under one cover. I want in that handy Bible all the poetry, all the literary style, all the comfort, that I find in Shakespeare. And all that bores, puzzles, shakes faith, or challenges aesthetic taste omitted. Can such an editing be accomplished?

THE KING AS A TICKET COLLECTOR!

During his visit to a south-east coast port, the King temporarily took over the job of a railway ticket-collector, when he examined the travelling vouchers of men of the British Expeditionary Force who had just returned to England on leave. When this picture was taken the King (in Admiral's uniform) was laughingly handing back a B.E.F. soldier's ticket—to the latter's great amazement!

QUEEN ELIZABETH VISITS THE LAND ARMY

Her Majesty last week paid a visit of inspection to the Women's Land Army at Goldsmiths' Hall in the City of London. During her visit the Queen inspected 100 Land Army volunteers; and, above, she is seen chatting to some of the girls she met there

THE NEW FOREST AGAIN.

—How one hoards up in memory in war-time any occasion that took him more than 10 miles from his village pump. Such visits (except to London) have for me been since the outbreak of war—three. One took me into Gloucestershire, one into Berkshire, and one into the New Forest. And the last is fresh in memory. I saw Yarmouth pier glinting in sunshine across the Solent from Lymington river, and could distinguish the colours of Alum Bay; I saw Beaulieu Abbey (with an attractively restored entrance lodge) and I walked down "main street" at Buckler's Hard, to lie in the harbour-master's boat and watch the cormorants and a flight of stints above the rushes. The first taste of spring was in the air. There was a hint of colour and sound returning. Grass was green on the hedge banks, the larch showed faint signs of movement and there was a purple mist round the birches. Looking across the lagoon at Buckler's Hard, which 150 years ago, in the stress of war effort, echoed to the hammers of the shipwrights as they turned out Nelson's wooden walls, there was nothing (save one thing) to suggest war or rumour of war. It was utter peace. Even the motor car was yet to be invented. A column of blue smoke rose from a picnic fire, a dinghy or two, lazily rowed, set up a ripple, a breeze faintly stirred the golden reeds. It was as it was in Nelson's day—save for one portent. Over Southampton the sky was pitted with the familiar rash of the fashionable German measles. A score or more of barrage balloons hung in the sky. . . It was a relief to find that the New Forest has suffered very little from the freaks of the late winter. Even the birches have been spared.

LORD TAVISTOCK AND THE "D.T."—

There was essential wisdom in Lord Fisher's "never explain; never apologise." The mistake which all human beings, who use their brains for the purpose of forming individual opinions, make, is to cling to consistency. Why do statesmen and other so-called thinkers always try to harmonise what they said yesterday with what they said in '79? Consistency is nothing but the negation of progress, the admission of inability to learn by experience. There is a sharp difference between accuracy and consistency. A man must proceed with accuracy with each campaign but his campaigns need not be consistent. In war-time the greatest exhibition of moral courage is to put forth any view whatever which runs counter to the robust, common purpose: "Destroy the enemy." But if you accept that purpose as the only purpose fit for a good citizen in war-time, then everything goes by the board save shells and guns and the feeding of the men who handle them. I have not followed Lord Tavistock's arguments and activities in recent months. I do not know whether, if I had done so, I should applaud them or dissent from them. But, if we for ever glory in the freedom of our democracy, I see the illogicality of our crying out on anyone who declares a minority opinion or prosecutes an unpopular theory. As I have said, it needs courage, and, if we are as sound and sensible a people as we are often told, it can do no harm and may make for liberality. But no man who propounds a view to-day should waste time in harmonising it with what he said last year. If he tries to do that, he opens every joint in his harness to the barbs of his critics. THE OLD STAGER

WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN EGYPT

GOING INTO ACTION—BRITISH TROOPS LEAP FROM THEIR MOTOR CARRIER TO TAKE UP THEIR POSITION DURING ARMY EXERCISES IN THE EGYPTIAN DESERT

IN THE EGYPTIAN DESERT—A BREN GUN CARRIER RACING ACROSS THE DESERT RIDGES
The importance to Britain of the Middle East increases day by day. Troops from the two great empires are at their war-time stations and the two Commanders-in-Chief, General Wavell and General Weygand, are working in close co-operation. Here are two new pictures, taken by special permission of the War Office, of British troops—part of an Armoured Division—taking part in manœuvres in the Egyptian desert

DIVISIONAL EXERCISES IN FRANCE

THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT MAN A MACHINE-GUN POSITION IN A FRENCH VILLAGE
With the ordinary life of the villages still in full swing, divisional exercises are being carried out behind the lines in France. This picture was taken during the course of such an exercise by men of the Manchester Regiment, in collaboration with the French Army, officers of which are here seen participating in the manœuvres

THE "KIPPER PATROL" AND THE

PILOTS OF THE COASTAL COMMAND HELP THE CREW
An R.A.F. Coastal Command Squadron on the East Anglian Coast, and East Coast lifeboatmen have decided to get together. The Sheringham and Wells (Norfolk) lifeboat crews accepted an invitation from the R.A.F. Station to visit the aerodrome as the pilots' guests and take a short flight.

CANADIAN SOLDIERS IN ENGLAND

PIPERS OF THE TORONTO SCOTTISH HAVING THEIR CARDS AT ALDERSHOT FOR VOTING IN
A General Election is now in progress in Canada; voting by officers and men of the Canadian Expeditionary Force now in this country began a few days ago and continues until March 23. Each soldier's constituency is checked on

LIFEBOATMEN

OF THE SHERINGHAM LIFEBOAT INTO THEIR PARACHUTES
The lifeboatmen, not to be outdone, offered the Air Force men a trip in their boat, which was accepted. The two have co-operated before on more than one occasion: the lifeboatmen have spent as much as 30 hours at sea searching for lost aircraft

VOTE

CONSTITUENCIES CHECKED AND RECEIVING THEIR BALLOT THE CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTION
a map before he votes; his vote is then sealed in an envelope and posted by the soldier himself to Canada House in London. This picture shows the scene in one of the polling booths at Aldershot with Canadians receiving their cards

MOBILE BATHS FOR THE BRITISH TOMMY

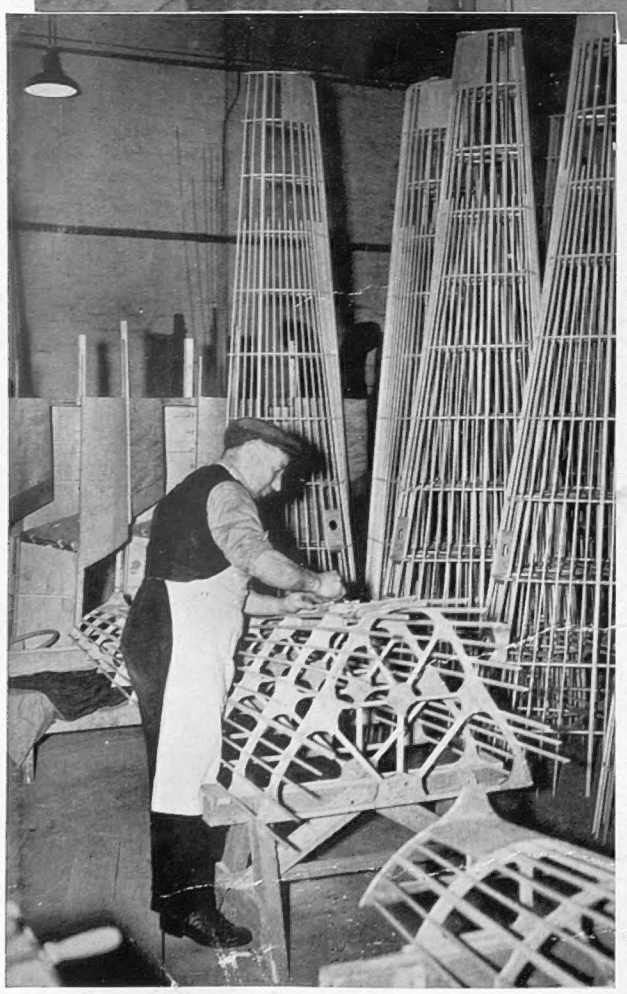
THE MOBILE BATHS UNIT SETTLES DOWN: THE MARQUEE WHICH SERVES AS BATHING TENT BEING PITCHED NEAR A HANDY STREAM IN FRANCE

TROOPS PLOUGHING THROUGH THE MUD TO ENTER THE UNDRESSING TENT
To make sure that Tommy gets a regular bath, a number of mobile bath units tour the area occupied by the B.E.F. in France. They have a regular service from point to point, and can accommodate sixty men an hour. The marquee is pitched near a pond or stream; and the water is then specially filtered and heated by experts. It takes a unit only half an hour to pitch their tent and be in full operation

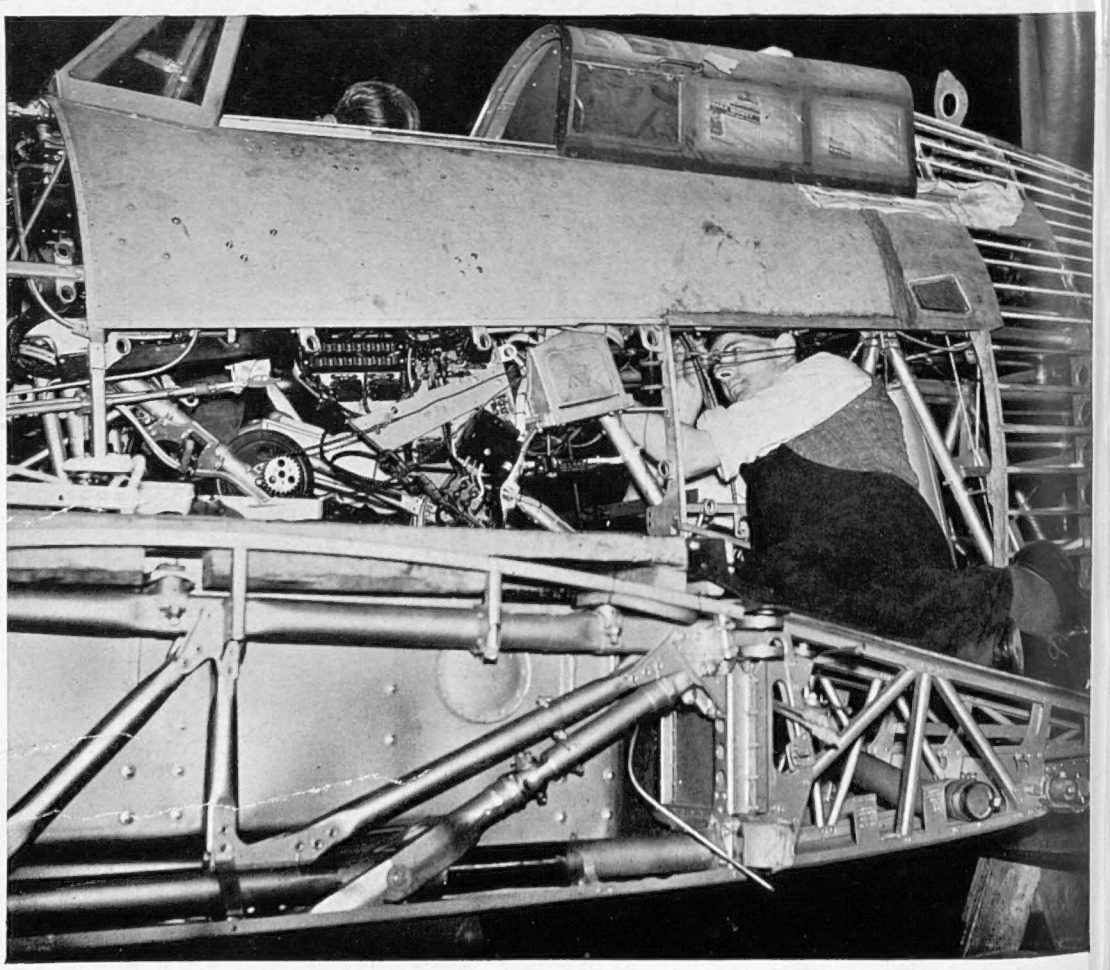
GEORGE FORMBY WITH THE TROOPS

THE FAMOUS LANCASHIRE COMEDIAN GIVES AN INFORMAL CONCERT OUTSIDE AN ESTAMINET
George Formby, the well-known Lancashire comedian and film actor, has been on a visit to the B.E.F. He has amused them hugely with impromptu songs, as well as at E.N.S.A. concerts in various towns. In the picture above, the comedian is seen with his famous banjolele singing to a party met by chance by the wayside

LARGE-SCALE PRODUCTION OF HURRICANES IN A WEST OF ENGLAND FACTORY: HERE IS ONE SHOP ALONE WHERE SCORES AND SCORES OF THESE WONDERFUL FIGHTER AIRCRAFT ARE PRODUCED



CONSTRUCTING TOP FAIRINGS FOR HURRICANES: THE QUALITY OF WORKMANSHIP AND THE STRENGTH OF THE MATERIALS EMPLOYED IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF BRITISH AIRCRAFT ARE UNEQUALLED ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD

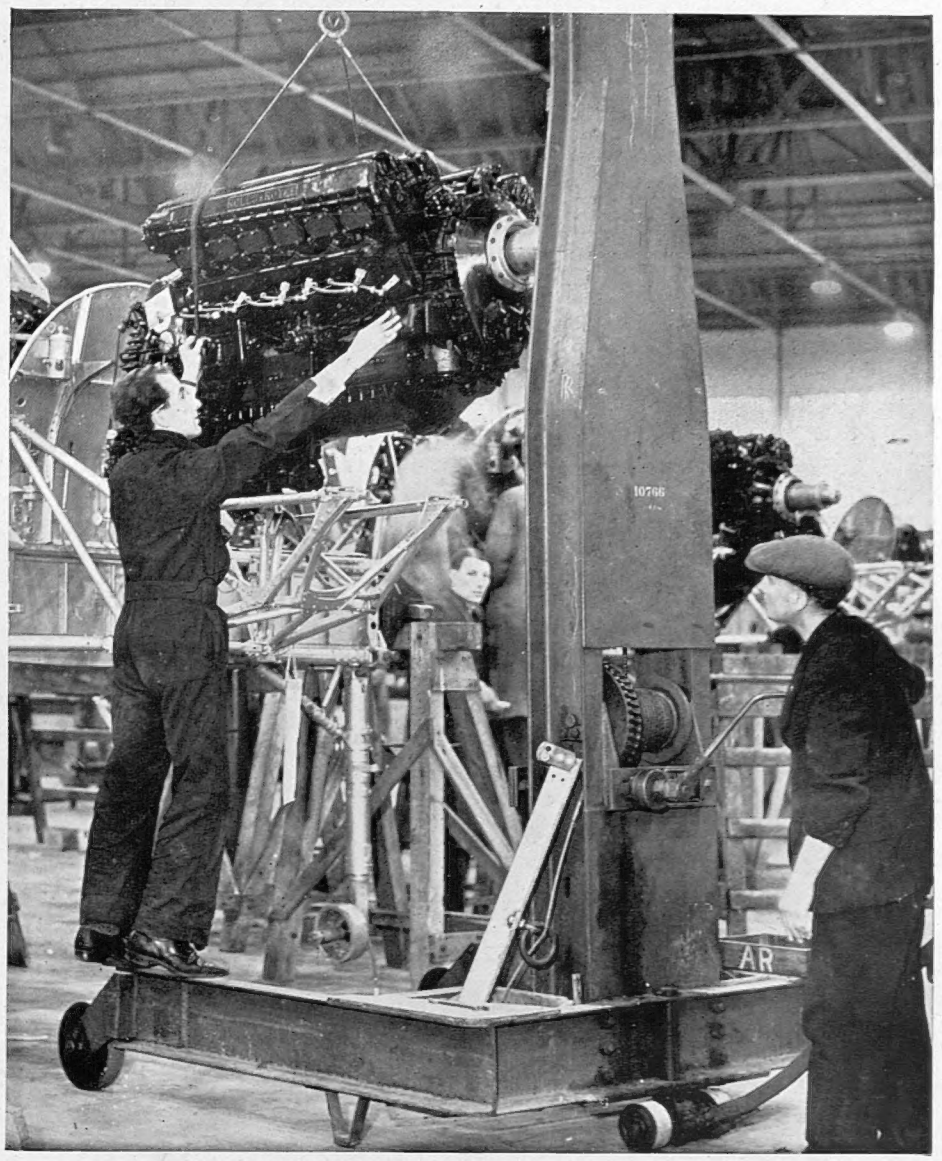


A PICTURE WHICH STRIKINGLY INDICATES THE COMPLEXITY OF MODERN AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTION: THE ENGINE HAS BEEN INSTALLED, AND TWO MECHANICS ARE SEEN COUPLING UP THE VARIOUS ACCESSORIES

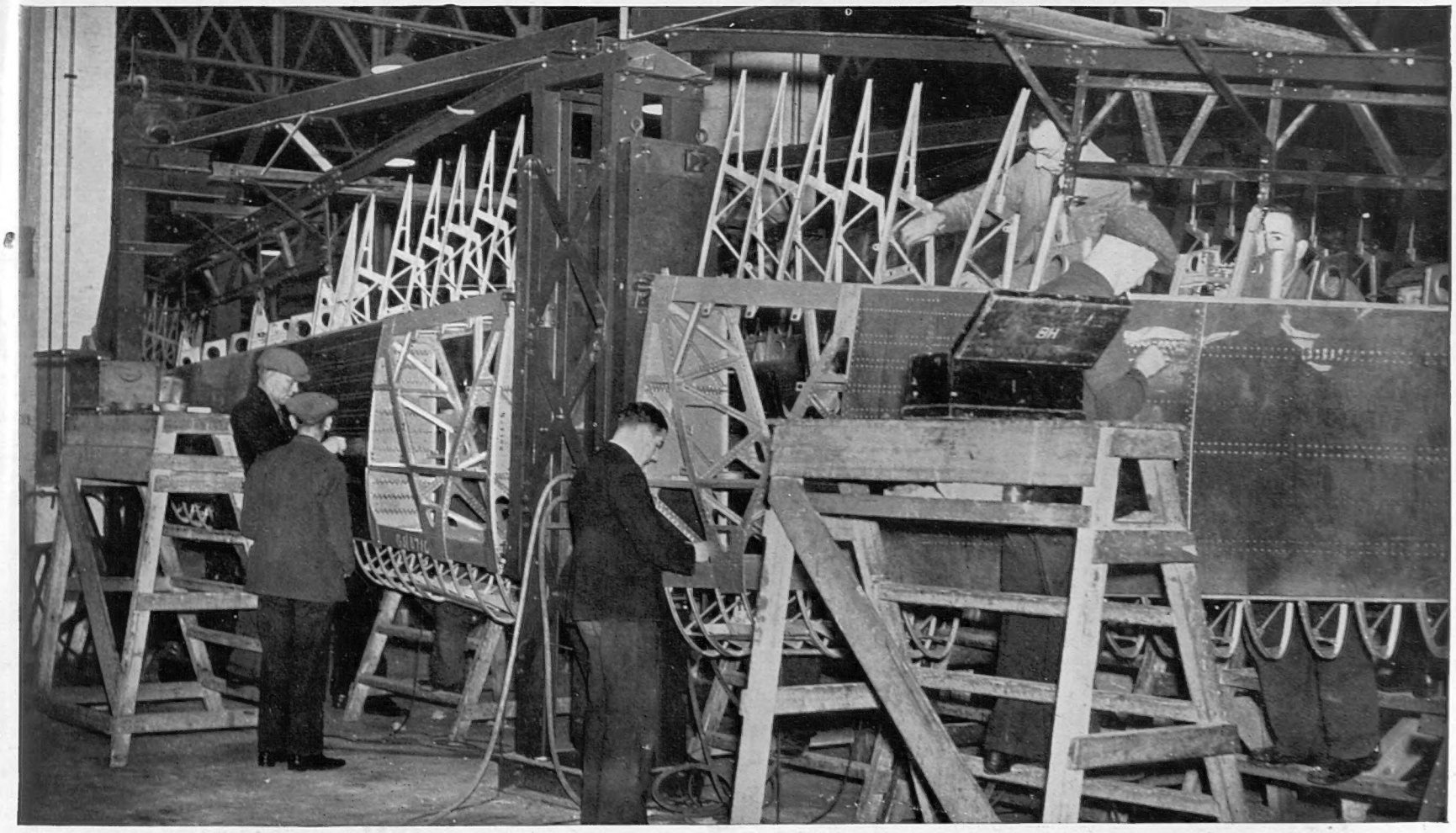
BRITAIN'S DOUBLED OUTPUT

"The Output of Hurricane Fighters has been Doubled Since the War Began"—Sir Kingsley Wood

THE WOMEN PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN AEROPLANE PRODUCTION: DOPING THE WING FABRIC TO RENDER IT TAUT AND STRONG



INSTALLING THE POWER PLANT IN ONE OF THE NEW HURRICANES: HERE THE POWERFUL 12-CYLINDER ROLLS-ROYCE ENGINE IS BEING DROPPED INTO THE FRAME



A CORNER OF THE WING-BUILDING SHOP: AFTER THE REST OF THE FRAME HAS BEEN BUILT, THE WINGS (PREPARED SEPARATELY) ARE THEN BOLTED ON

Only a few days ago, the Air Minister (Sir Kingsley Wood) had some heartening things to say to Parliament concerning the rate of production of British aeroplanes. For obvious reasons, full details could not be given; nevertheless, Sir Kingsley was able to say that, numerically, the output of machines to-day in this country was double what it was twelve months ago. In particular he declared that Spitfires and Hurricanes—our two outstanding fighter types—were coming off the production lines in greater numbers than ever before. The above pictures, taken in the west of England, show the crowded scene in only one factory producing the latter type: there are, of course, many other places in England where this wonderful fighter plane is being built. It must also be understood that, in no case, is a fighter aircraft (or for that matter, a bomber aircraft) hurried or scamped in its production. This is one of the reasons for the acknowledged supremacy of British aeroplanes over those of the enemy. Now that the production of British planes has caught up and surpassed that of Germany, "the floor space of factories has been extended many times," in the words of the Air Minister, "and materials have now been multiplied many times over." The labour and plant of thousands of small firms have also been utilised.

THE EUROPEAN CHESS-BOARD

Hitler's Balkan Aspirations — Germany's Army Compared

(The Strategy of the War—XXVI)

By GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

SINCE my last article a great deal has happened. The main fact has undoubtedly been the end of the fighting between Finland and Russia. The end came so suddenly that it left us with a rather uncomfortable feeling inside. We had been elated by the news of ships being ready to take French and British reinforcements, and we had visions and hopes of Allied and neutral help, aided by weather, arriving in the nick of time to save the gallant Finns. But this was not to be. The Swedes and Norwegians put up notice boards, "*On ne passe pas*," and Finland did not appeal for help. The terms imposed are undoubtedly severe, and our hearts go out to Finland after so heroic a resistance. From accounts received they are evidently facing their future with the same grim spirit, and the special order issued by that great man, Field-Marshal Mannerheim, was indeed the message of a great soldier when faced with adversity. Although much has been done to help the Finns in their distress by the gift of clothing and comforts, I feel that this is the moment for that help to be continued and not discontinued. They will want it all.

It became quite clear that Norway and Sweden did not want our help for Finland to pass through their countries, and it also seemed clear that much of the help sent in material never got through. It may, of course, all turn out for the best, and time alone will show. I have expressed in these articles from the start, my horror of "detachments" and "side shows," and from that point of view I am relieved. I think, perhaps, that in order to prevent either Russia or Germany getting a foothold on the shores of the Atlantic the risk would have been justified, but the maintenance of forces in Scandinavia would have been very difficult, and these operations when once started we know from bitter experience are very difficult to curtail. Hitler, no doubt, would have liked to have seen us not only committed to detachments but to war with Russia. In any case, that has been avoided for the moment, and Hitler has to guess again. It may quite well have been that he has been waiting on the result of the war in Finland to settle his line of action, but the question of settling a line of action may not lie much longer in his hands, if it does even at the moment.

Last week my friend General Sir Hugh Elles gave us on the wireless a very interesting comparison of the German Army of to-day with the German Army of 1914. It was a very able and well considered statement. We knew the Germans of the last war as brave fighters. They were ably led, as they always have been. One must remember, however, that for sixteen years after the last war they were only allowed a very small army of 100,000 men, with no tanks or engines of modern war. It is true to say that they did not abide by any conditions. Under every sort of pretext they were training forces of various sorts. In 1935 Hitler decided to form thirty-six front line divisions and gradually got the whole army behind him. No doubt the German Army of to-day is well equipped and well supplied, and, as I said before, there is no doubt that they will fight as well as they always have done.

Whether it is possible for sixteen years out of twenty-two to take out the main work of a machine without loss of efficiency, I do not know. I do not think that we could do so, but the fact remains that the Germans did so. Their commanders and staffs of the last war disappeared. Their experience was lost. The army was reduced to very little. It is contrary to all our teaching and training that after all those years of quiescence, the old machine can start up and work as well as ever it did. I cannot honestly bring myself to believe that the German military machine of to-day can possibly work as well and efficiently as it did in 1914–18.

In saying that, one is at once faced with the argument about our own Army. With regard to that I can only say that I know nothing whatever about our Army since I retired eighteen months ago, but I knew a good deal about it between 1918 and 1938 in the various commands I was privileged to hold.

It is true that our Army was much reduced, and wrongly so, but the whole system of command and of training and administration was never lowered, and much was done in the testing out of machines of every kind in order not only to keep our Army up to date but ahead of other armies in science. Our Staff work and training of commanders has been kept at a high standard ever since the last war, and from what one reads it would appear that the Staff work of our present forces is being efficiently carried out.

General Elles described August 8, 1918, as Germany's black day, and that in the 100 days following we took no less than 400,000 German prisoners and 6,000 German guns.

How well I remember that morning of August 8. I was with Sir Henry Wilson at a Cabinet meeting.

For some little time the Australian authorities had insisted that their High Commissioner in London must be informed before their troops were employed in operations. That morning the High Commissioner was very angry when he arrived at the Cabinet meeting, as he had heard a rumour that the Australian troops were in action without his having been informed.

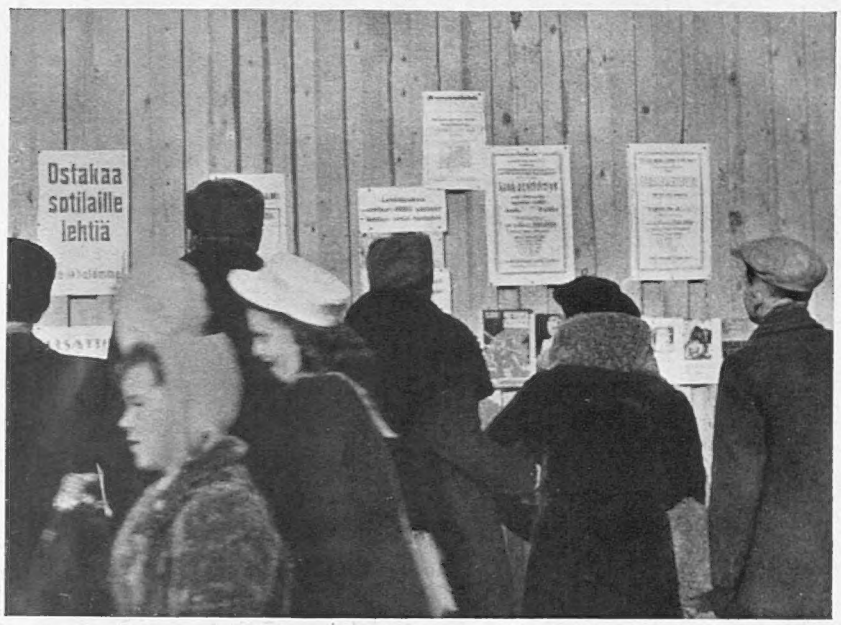
He was quite prepared to vent his wrath on Sir Henry Wilson. As a matter of fact, we had only heard of the successful advance just before leaving the War Office. As reports came in of the progress being made and especially of the success of the Australian troops, the High Commissioner soon forgave us. That was the turning point of the whole war, and we never looked back from that moment.

I was privileged a few days ago to give shamrock to an Irish battalion in Sussex, and it was the first occasion on which I had seen a present-day battalion since I left Gibraltar. I had not seen any militiamen before. The battalion included many.

I was immensely struck by all I saw, and by the physique and smartness of all ranks. It was a Territorial battalion with a great tradition, and one in which all officers have been through the ranks. It did my heart good to see them, and if that is a sample of the army of to-day, I am more than comforted.

THE TRAGEDY OF FINLAND

To a heartbroken nation Foreign Minister Tanner broadcasts from the official Government radio station in Helsinki that peace has been signed with Moscow. On the streets of the capital there is now more life—but no smiles; instead of daily newspapers men sell copies of the Official Proclamation which tells of the despair of a gallant people



STREET SCENE IN HELSINKI AFTER PEACE HAD BEEN SIGNED Reading the Official Proclamation posted on the boarded-up window of a shop in a Helsinki street

Little is happening in the air on the Western Front. The R.A.F. continue their reconnaissance over Germany, Poland, etc. The Navy are carrying on their great task all the time. They never cease by day or night.

I am sure the Army are only waiting for the moment when they can see "red," which reminds me of an incident in the recent Spanish War when I was at Gibraltar. My Military Secretary and A.D.C. were riding one day along the water's edge in Spain when an infuriated sentry stopped them. After an excited argument in which they did not understand what the sentry wanted, they discovered that he had taken the most violent objection to the red ribbon on the tail of my A.D.C.'s horse, a kicker. The sentry forced him to take it off and then trod the ribbon into the sand and buried it for ever! After that our "kickers" with the Royal Calpé Hunt had to be distinguished by either a yellow or blue ribbon. Such was the hatred of Franco's soldiers for the Reds.

Mentioning the Royal Calpé Hunt, of which my wife was joint master, I always laugh when I think of the Spanish farmer who, during a run, shot at the fox and missed it, and then came to apologise saying that if he had had another cartridge he would have got it!

The recent air attack on Scapa Flow may indicate that more intensive bombing of naval bases and military objectives is starting. If so, it is what has been expected with the arrival of better weather. It is possible that this activity in the west will be a set-off to whatever plans may be in preparation in the neighbourhood of Rumania. I have a feeling that it is the oil and wheat of Rumania which are appealing very strongly to Hitler at the moment.

There are a great number of talks going on between various nations, both large and small, often cloaked under the word "trade." There is no doubt more behind them.

As far as we can judge, recent advances by Germany to Italy do not show much result. Only a few days ago I met a man just back from Italy who told me he has visited that country for years and that the feeling of friendliness to England to-day is most marked, and a very different attitude to the feeling a year ago.

From all accounts also the friendship with Turkey grows steadily closer, and we have seen the visit of an air mission recently to that country. Everything points to solidarity in the Middle and Near East and to perfecting of plans to meet any eventuality.

Meantime, the great forces on the Western Front remain inactive. The great tanks and machines which were going to overrun every form of obstacle and defence remain immobile. For nearly seven months those vast armies have been watching each other, with their action limited to patrol activity and a few raids.

There is nothing at present to indicate that Hitler is either going to be rash enough to hurl his masses against the Maginot Line, or is contemplating an attempt to force a way round via Holland and Belgium. It may be that with Finland out of the way for the moment, Hitler and Stalin are planning another deal. The whole centre of gravity may swing to the east, but one has to remember that Stalin did not do very well the last job that Hitler gave him. It took him a long time and was a clumsy bit of work from start to finish.

FINLAND'S GREAT FIGHT FOR FREEDOM — Three Important Phases in Its History, 1581 - 1939

1581-1809

Finland first emerged from obscurity when it was constituted a Grand Duchy by King John III of Sweden, in recognition of valiant services against Russia, and became an integral part of the Great Swedish Baltic Empire in 1581

1809-1919

The growing strength of Russia and the declining power of Sweden at the beginning of the nineteenth century gave Russia its long-sought opportunity to secure the key to the Baltic, and after the war of 1808-09 Finland was annexed by the Russian Empire

1919-1939

The fortunes of war eventually proved kind to Finland and at the end of the great war, 1914–1918, it succeeded in obtaining its absolute national freedom. Now, once again, it looks as if this gallant country is to suffer mutilation

THE MEN WHO FOUGHT FOR FINNISH LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE AND LED THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE RUSSIAN INVADER

General V. L. Valve, Chief of the Fleet and Coastal Artillery — General L. Malmberg, Chief of the Finnish Civil Guard — General H. W. Osterman, Chief of the Finnish General Staff — General Aarne Sihvo, Chief of the Finnish Heimwehr — General Lundqvist, Chief of the Finnish Air Force

WILL SWEDEN BE THE NEXT VICTIM?—HER POSITION HAS NOT BEEN STRENGTHENED BY THE RUSSO-FINNISH PEACE

Now that hostilities between Finland and Russia have ceased and peace has once more come to a mutilated Finland, what is the position of Sweden, great stumbling block to the Allied plan to assist sadly-battered Finland. In studying the above map, one must imagine oneself within the Arctic Circle looking southward down the length of Sweden towards Russia on the one hand and Germany on the other; from both of these points Sweden is now vulnerable—apart from the almost impregnable fortress which protects the capital, Stockholm, from the sea. Sweden has already taken steps to protect herself: she has mined the waters around Stockholm; and she has the Aaland Islands to exclude the Russian Navy from the Gulf of Bothnia. Facing Finland she has the sixty-mile defence line which would be her main barrier against attack from the east. But Sweden is a comparatively small country—and her riches are great! Norway is in a more favoured position; but here, too, her defensive schemes have been weakened by Finland's collapse. Her territorial waters have already proved of value to Germany; and it is likely that further use will be made of these.

WOMEN IN WAR-TIME

A Selection of New Photographic Studies—Women in Uniform and Women in Marriage

"THE COMPANY SERGEANT-MAJOR"

When drilling the members of the A.T.S. at an Eastern Command depot, charming Section-Leader L. N. Stephens' voice can be heard right across the parade ground!

WITH THE R.A.S.C. AT ALDERSHOT

Miss Marjorie Foster, the only woman to win the King's Prize at Bisley, in 1930, is now an officer in the R.A.S.C.

THE W.A.A.F.'S OWN BAND

This drum and fife band has just been formed amongst the women of the Air Force. They make a most impressive spectacle when on the march, with drum sticks beating and fifes squealing

OFF TO FINLAND

A day before peace was concluded, Miss Gwen Le Gallienne left London for Finland, where she intended to draw pictures of the Russo-Finnish conflict on the spot. Her father is Richard Le Gallienne, the poet, who now lives at Menton; and her sister is Eve Le Gallienne, famous American stage star

AN EXCLUSIVE CLUB FOR GIRLS IN THE SERVICES

The first of its kind to be started since the war, a club for girls in the various war-time services has just been opened in Chelsea. It is hoped to hold dances and other functions to which the girls may bring their boy friends. In this picture is seen Miss Pauline Gower (daughter of Sir Robert Gower, M.P.) seated at the piano. She and the girl on her left are members of the Air Transport Auxiliary, a war-time aeroplane-ferrying organisation of which there are only a dozen members—all women

VERY INTENT ON THEIR WORK

The piccolo players of the W.A.A.F. band. A picture taken at the Home Depot, where the band is stationed, and where they carry out rehearsals with Guards-like precision

A STURDY BODY OF YOUNG SOLDIERS

With arms swinging in proper military fashion, these young members of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force impress all observers with their general air of efficiency. There are thousands of them and they are, of course, performing military duties of value, so that the men they replace can be released for active service abroad

MARRIED IN A COLLEGE CHAPEL

Miss Jean Hill makes a charming picture as she passes through the gate of Hurstpierpoint College on the way to her marriage to Lieut. Robert Carrington. The bridegroom, who was at one time organist at the chapel, was formerly a college pupil. The wedding was originally planned to take place at the end of March

MISS SPENCER-SMITH

Married a few days ago at Chelsea Old Church to Mr. Harry Lee

MISS JOYCE JESSE BROWN

Married to Sergeant Peter Bois, of the R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square

NAVAL TWINS AT THE WEDDING OF AN ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER

A few days ago Miss Anne Brownrigg, only daughter of Admiral Sir John Studholme and Lady Brownrigg, was married to John Earl, elder son of Paymaster-Captain and Mrs. Scotland, of Beaconsfield. The attendants were little John and Jeremy, six-year-old twins of Lieut.-Commander Redman, who walked off with all the "publicity"; after the reception they helped to haul the car containing the bride and bridegroom from the house to the station. The wedding ceremony was held at the parish church at Cobham, Kent. In the above picture, with the bride and the twins, is also the bride's father, Admiral Sir John Brownrigg

BUSY DAYS IN FRANCE

New Pictures from the B.E.F.

PREPARING FOR THE GREAT ATTACK —IF AND WHEN

Soldiers of the French Army building tank-traps, ready for the "Blitzkrieg" we (and they) hear so much about. The strength of these traps can be gauged by the depth of their foundations!

BRITAIN LENDS A HELPING HAND

As some of the French farm horses have been commandeered by the Army, the Royal Irish Fusiliers have come to the rescue of the farmers with their Bren gun-carriers as seen above

FIRST STAGE OF A NEW TRENCH-LINE

Men of the Royal Irish Fusiliers who are in the forward areas of the B.E.F. are not allowed to remain idle—nor, in fact, have they any wish to be so. Trench-digging helps to keep them busy!

VALUABLE HELP FROM THE TROOPS

British soldiers are helping French farmers with their work in many ways; in view of the fact that many farm labourers have been called up for service with the army, this willing co-operation is most valuable to our Allies

AFTER A HEAVY DAY OF TRENCH-MAKING —WASHING THEIR MUDDY BOOTS AND SPADES IN A ROADSIDE DITCH

Another picture of the Royal Irish Fusiliers in France. It is interesting to the "older stagers" to note the rubber trench boots which most of the troops now seem to possess: in 1914-18 very few of these were ever evident in the forward areas. The comfort they bring when engaged on such tasks as these must be considerable. The old stager will also observe that the roadside ditches seem to have lost none of their volume of muddy water and none of their headlong speed!

FIRE CONTROL in a MODERN BATTLESHIP

How Gunnery Duels are Fought Out at Long Range at Sea

Described by FRANK BOWEN

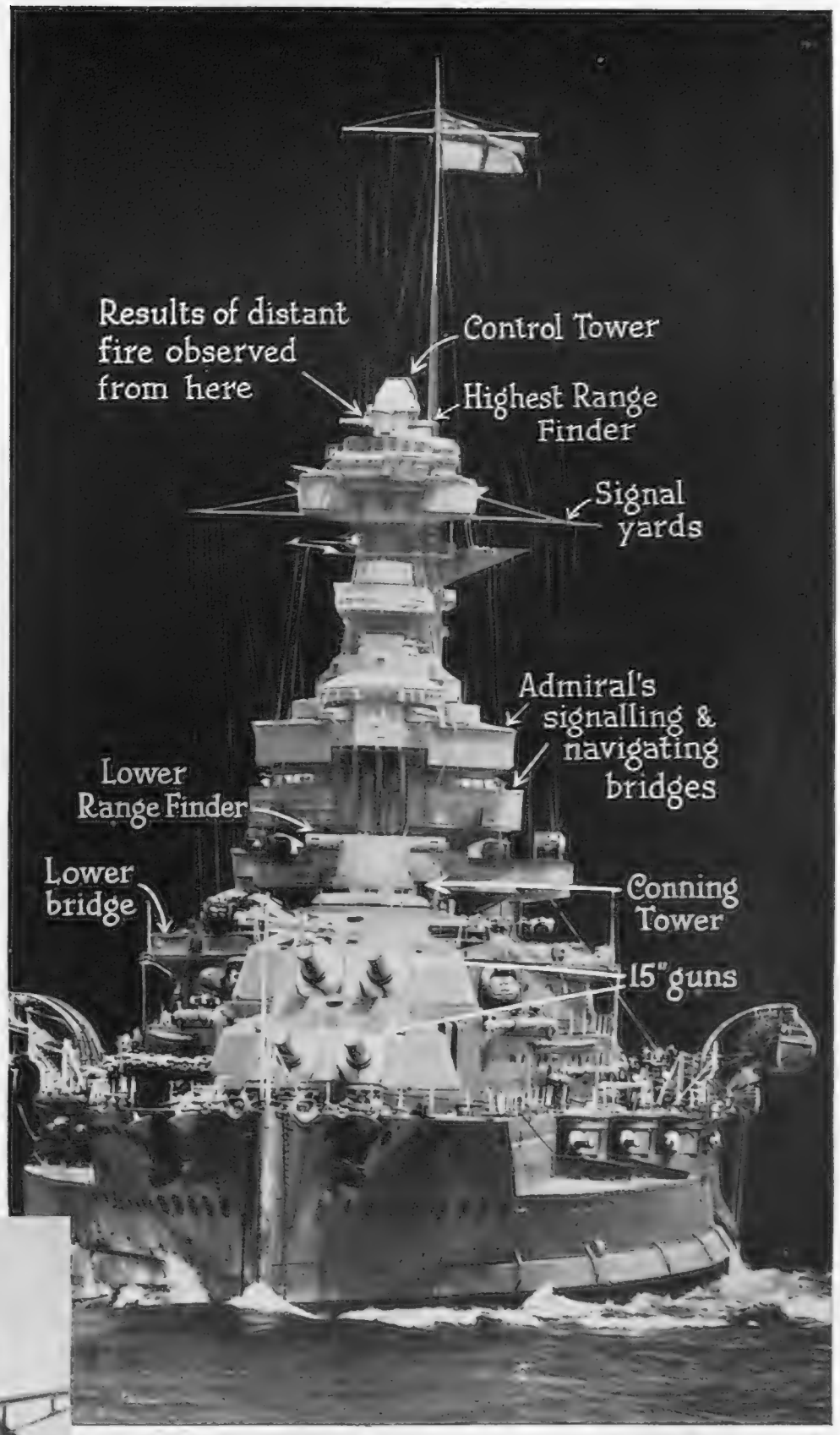
The CONTROL TOWER —Its Evolution and Functions

IF the Navy is to fulfil its historic function to "burn, sink, and destroy the enemy" it has to hit first, hit hard, and go on hitting. To do this at the long battle ranges of to-day, with both ships steaming rapidly, zig-zagging and doing everything possible to throw out the other's aim, requires the finest mechanical aids as well as the highest training. Britain's sea tradition for centuries was the individual skill of the seaman-gunner who defeated the Armada by playing "long bowls" with the bigger Spanish ships and who prided himself, in the eighteenth-century wars, on being able to get off three aimed rounds to anybody else's two.

But when the range of naval guns increased rapidly it was obvious that the individual gun-layer must become secondary to the machine, as battles were likely to be decided before he could even see the enemy from his place beside the gun, although at the last it is generally the individual who counts for most, and off the River Plate the bluejacket proved that he could take his part in the old way and go on scoring, whereas the quality of the German gunnery deteriorated rapidly as soon as hits shook up their mechanical aids.

Long-range director-controlled gunnery demands a station as high up as possible, partly to increase the visibility and partly to keep it clear of the smoke from guns and funnels. At first it was just an elongated fighting top on the mast; then increased weights, the desirability of reducing vibration and "whip" on the instruments, and the danger of the station being shot away caused the British Navy to introduce the tripod mast, the Americans the "waste-paper basket," and the Japanese the octapod. The lessons of the late war combined the gunnery control and the bridgework in a tower in the capital ships of practically all nations, beginning with H.M. battleships *Nelson* and *Rodney*. The Navy promptly nicknamed this tower "Queen Anne's Mansions," the old-timers said its ugliness was another indication of the deterioration of the Service, but it fulfils its purpose excellently and is a marvel of ingenuity.

Perched above all, on a short but very thick mast that should be able to stand a good deal of shell fire, is the control tower proper with the two ends of a range-finder—not by any means the biggest in the ship—projecting through either side. In action the gunnery officer here keeps a careful watch of the fall of shot and his reports are used to correct the aim of the next salvo.



THE WONDERFUL STRUCTURE FROM WHICH A MODERN BATTLESHIP'S HEAVY GUNS ARE CONTROLLED

The "Fighting Top" explained, from gun turret on the deck to control tower up aloft. Despite their extraordinary beam and top-heavy appearance, these craft steam splendidly and can maintain a high average speed for long periods. Their seaworthy qualities are of the utmost importance when it is a question of laying the guns accurately when going into action

On left—THE LOWER PORTION OF THE CONTROL TOWER ON H.M.S. "NELSON": Note the protection afforded against hostile aircraft by the machine-gun posts. Within the base of this huge structure, too, are to be found the sea cabins of those officers whose duties demand their continuous presence in the Tower when in action

At long ranges—18,000 to 20,000 yards, for instance, although the big guns of the *Nelson* and *Rodney* will throw their shells 35,000 yards—accurate shooting must necessarily be a matter of trial and error. The range-finder magnifies like a telescope, but even the best of telescopes will not make a ship look very big at 20,000 yards. Apart from this, however, the modern range-finder does remarkable work, and the longer the base between the two object lenses the more accurate it is. It shows two pictures, and when the object lenses are turned so that these two pictures are exactly touching before the eyepiece in the centre of the instrument, the range in yards is shown on a dial. This cannot be accurate to a yard in 20,000 yards, and when the target is hidden by the columns of water thrown up by the shell the elevation of the gun is increased; when they form its background the elevation is reduced. If they fall on either side of the enemy the direction is corrected right or left according to the estimate of the observer until she is "straddled" by the salvo and a proportion of the shells find their mark. At extreme ranges the spotting will have to be done by aircraft reporting their observations by wireless. Even at long range, gunnery would be comparatively easy if only the ship firing and the ship fired at would keep still, but they will not. To begin with, there is the rolling and pitching of the firing ship to worry the aim. Both ships will be zig-zagging at high speed so that the range will be constantly changing and smoke-screens will be adding to the confusion. The shell may be in the air for nearly a minute, and quite a lot can happen in that time, especially in a high wind. As the only hope of scoring decisive hits at long

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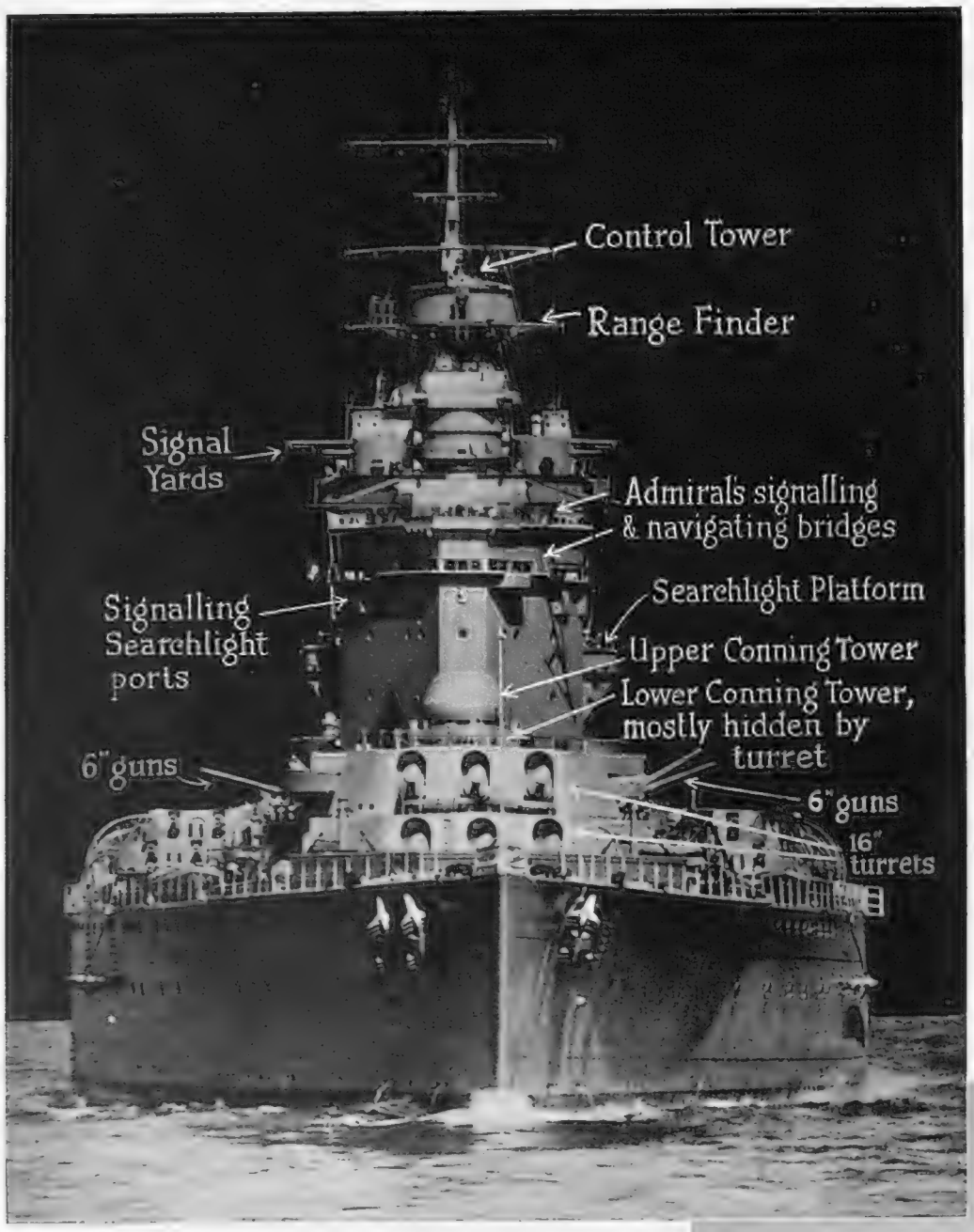


THE CONTROL TOWER OF H.M.S. "RODNEY," MOST UP TO DATE OF BRITAIN'S BATTLESHIPS

Rodney and her sister ship *Nelson* are the only British warships mounting 16-in. guns, each vessel mounting nine of these, the most powerful naval guns in existence. Their range is 35,000 yards—or nearly 20 miles!—and the cost of firing a triple salvo is £700. Special measures have been taken to protect personnel and instruments from the blast of the guns; and by placing the boiler-room abaft the engine-rooms, smoke interference with the control positions is obviated. The bridge structure carries 16-in., 6-in., and 4.7-in. directors, the admiral's bridge, torpedo controls, signalling and navigating bridges, sea cabins and offices

(Continued from previous page)

range is to use salvos of several guns fired absolutely simultaneously, on the principle of a shot-gun against pheasants, it is necessary for one finger to press the trigger which closes the electric circuit on each gun, and the best man to do it is the officer in the control tower. Like everything else in the Navy, the control positions are duplicated in case of damage.

The complicated business of plotting the various changes of range and making allowance for all the conditions which may affect the accuracy of the guns is not carried out in the control tower but in the far bigger transmitting room behind armour in the hull of the ship. The officers stationed there receive the reports from the control tower and various range-finding stations, make their calculations extraordinarily rapidly with the aid of intricate machines and return the results.

"Queen Anne's Mansions" also contain range-finders and control instruments for the twelve 6-in. guns which can be used against either torpedo or air attack, the six 4.7-in. anti-aircraft guns and the two 24·5-in. torpedo tubes.

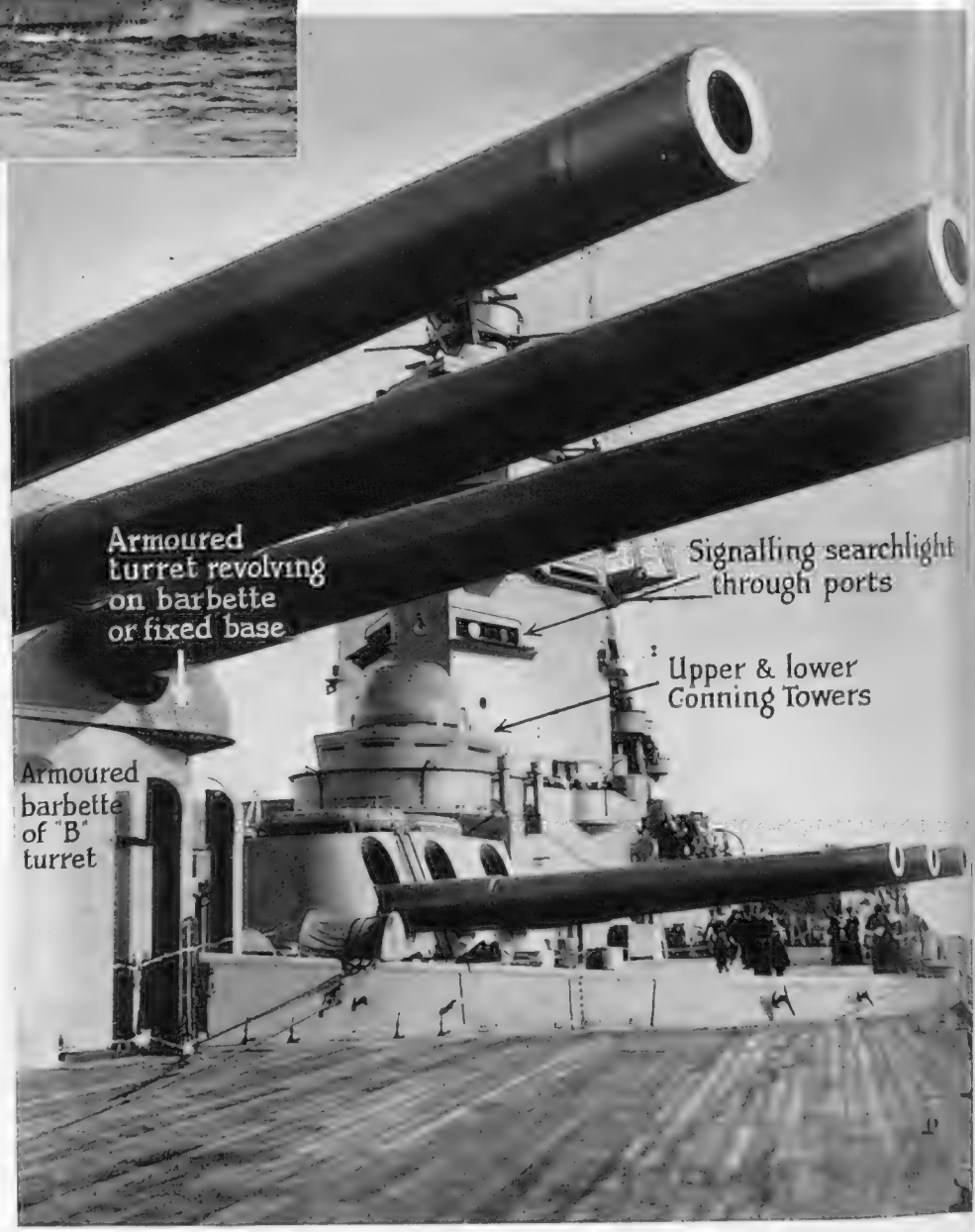
Round the upper part of the tower proper, enclosed as much as possible against the weather and capable of being made tolerably gas-proof, are the admiral's, navigating and signalling bridges, the yards for the flag signals projecting from the plating, although when necessary they are flown from the tall mainmast abaft the funnel. Searchlights for morse signalling project their beams through shuttered ports in the walls.

Such officers as may have to be on the bridge without a moment's delay in an emergency have their sea cabins in the tower, so that they only have a few steps to run when they are called. The chart-room and all navigational facilities, including directional wireless, are there as a matter of course. A great convenience is that there is room for the ship's offices, which in most men-of-war have to be placed some distance away from the bridge. The tower is, in fact, the complete nerve centre of the ship which makes for efficiency in ordinary times and although it may be said that it increases the danger of great damage being done by a single lucky shell, for the tower is not heavily

armoured, it would have to be a very lucky hit at modern battle range and in any circumstances everything is duplicated.

In action the principal control of the ship is transferred to the domed conning towers, upper and lower, which are placed just forward of the base of the bridge structure. There the admiral, captain, certain other officers and the helmsmen have their battle stations. They are well protected, especially towards the bow of the ship which will be the normal bearing of the enemy, and stand on a tube of equally thick armour which leads down to behind the 14-in. main belt.

The four little 3-pdr. guns for saluting are placed on either side of the bridge structure just abaft the conning towers and there are small sponsons like balconies as points of vantage from which machine-guns can deal with low-flying aircraft.



THE BIGGEST IN THE WORLD: THE 16-IN. GUNS OF H.M.S. "RODNEY"

As explained in the article accompanying these pictures, the guns are controlled from the Tower, the base of which is seen in the background. The high freeboard of *Rodney* has demonstrated how much easier it is to work the guns compared with battleships of earlier type

H.M.S. "RODNEY" TURNS DURING A MANŒUVRE AT SEA — A PICTURE WHICH WELL ILLUSTRATES ONE OF THE GUNNERY OFFICERS' MANY PROBLEMS

The battleship is here manœuvring in a calm sea, so that there is little or no roll to interfere with the aim of the gunners if the ship were in action. But both the range and the bearing of the guns have to be adjusted to the changed course; and, as it is plain to see, a change in course gives the ship a heavy list which, if she is continuing to fire, has to be allowed for by extra elevation or depression of the guns according to the side on which they are bearing. The weight of all the turrets swung out to one side will also give the ship a perceptible list. Incidentally, the domed structure over the conning tower is the "upper conning tower" to which special attention is drawn in the accompanying article

"Queen Anne's Mansions" may not appear as attractive as the long bridge stretching from side to side of the old-fashioned battleship, with its windowed charthouse in the middle surmounted by monkey island, but those ships did not have to consider the blast of 16-in. guns firing salvos. The *Nelson's* nine big guns are mounted just forward of the bridge structure and, there being no heavy metal mounted aft, they have been given a very big arc of training. The centre, superposed, turret can fire 75 deg. abaft the beam and the after one 35 deg., so that it is easy to understand why the bridge had to be designed with every precaution to protect the personnel and delicate instruments from the shock of their discharge.

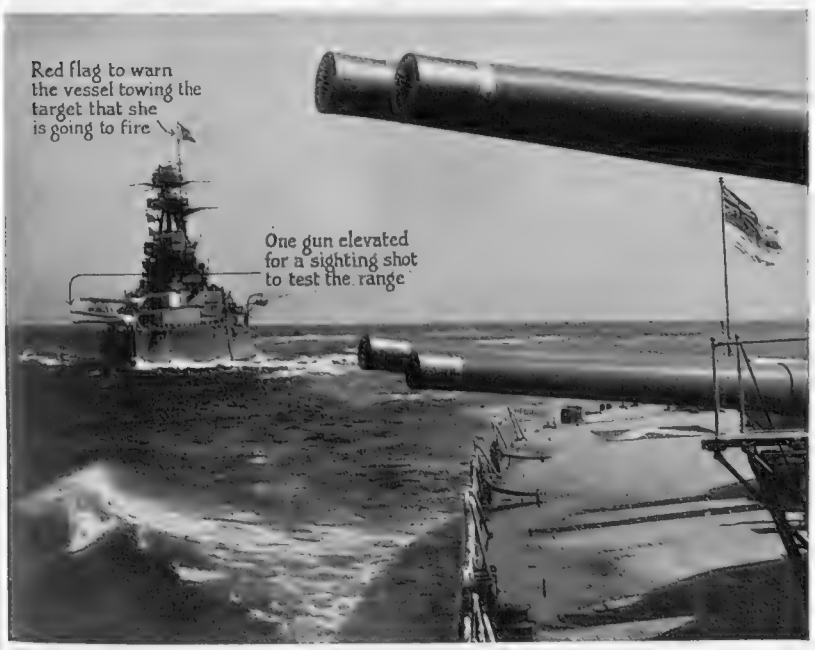
Little has been said so far concerning the human factor. It will, of course, be realised that great experience, high powers of observation, and much skill is required of the gunnery officers if they are to use their elaborate appliances with success. In the British Navy these are men of the very highest training, who go through long and arduous courses in the theory and practical work of internal and external ballistics. The gunnery officers are also, in a sense, engineers, as every gun turret is a mass of machinery of the most complicated nature.

A further article on pp. 374–5 deals with the actual work in Tower, Transmitting Room, and Gun Turret.

RANGE-FINDING

In next week's issue the Editor proposes to deal at length with the allied subject of Range-finding.

With the aid of special diagrams and selected pictures, this fascinating subject will be clarified for the non-technical reader.

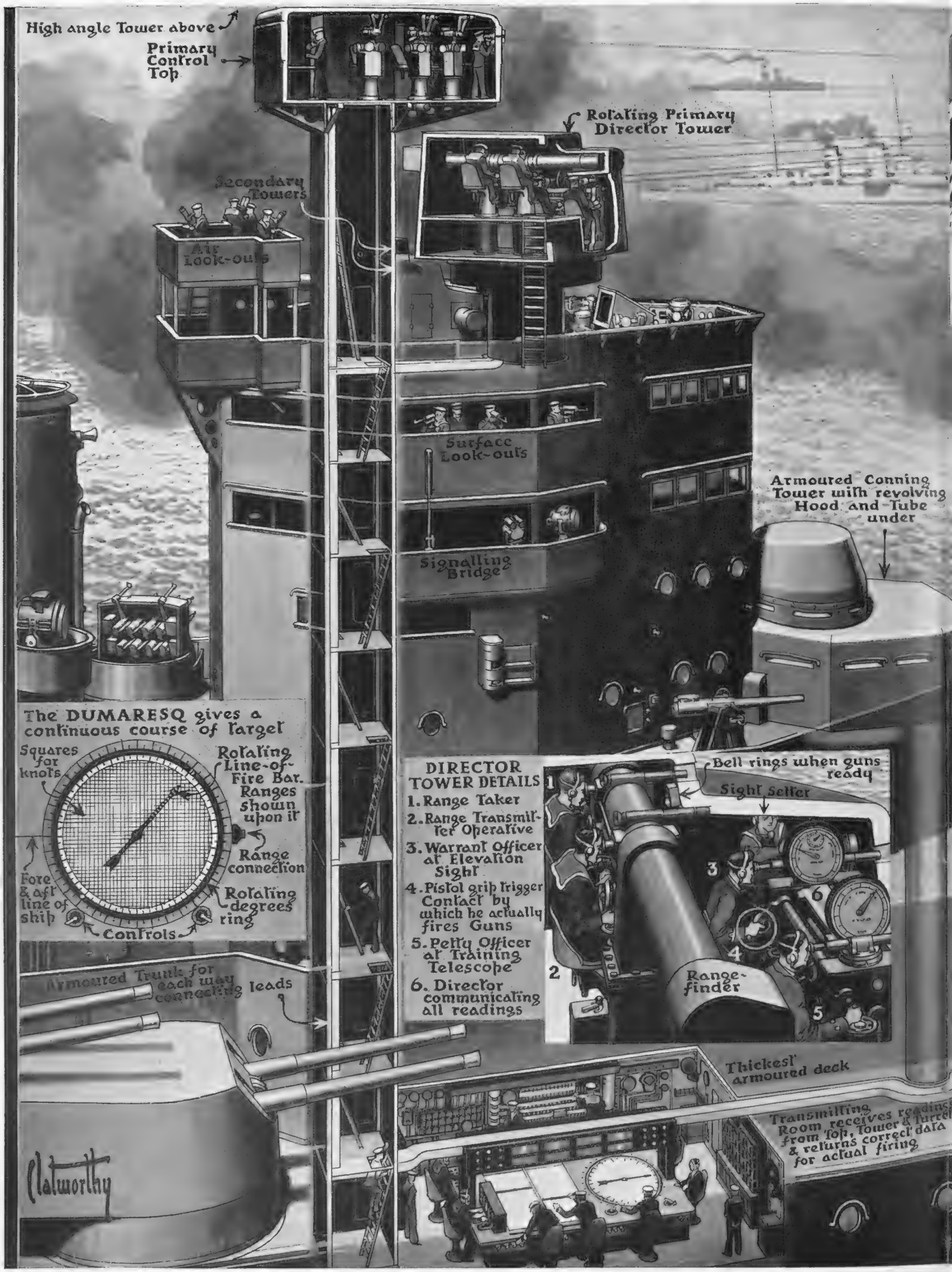


HOW THE BATTLESHIP RANGES ON ITS TARGET

One of the guns is here seen elevated, ready to fire a sighting shot: the other gun will fire in its turn. From the control tower the effect of these two shots will be observed —the third shot should then find its target, if the elaborate calculations by the gunnery officers are correctly made

THE CONTROL TOP OF H.M.S. "QUEEN ELIZABETH"

This photographic enlargement brings out very well the various steps upwards from deck level to the topmost control tower. *Queen Elizabeth* originally cost some £3,000,000 to build, but since then, in 1937, she has been refitted. Of 30,000 tons displacement, she is one of Britain's many powerful ships; her heavy armament includes eight 15-in. guns

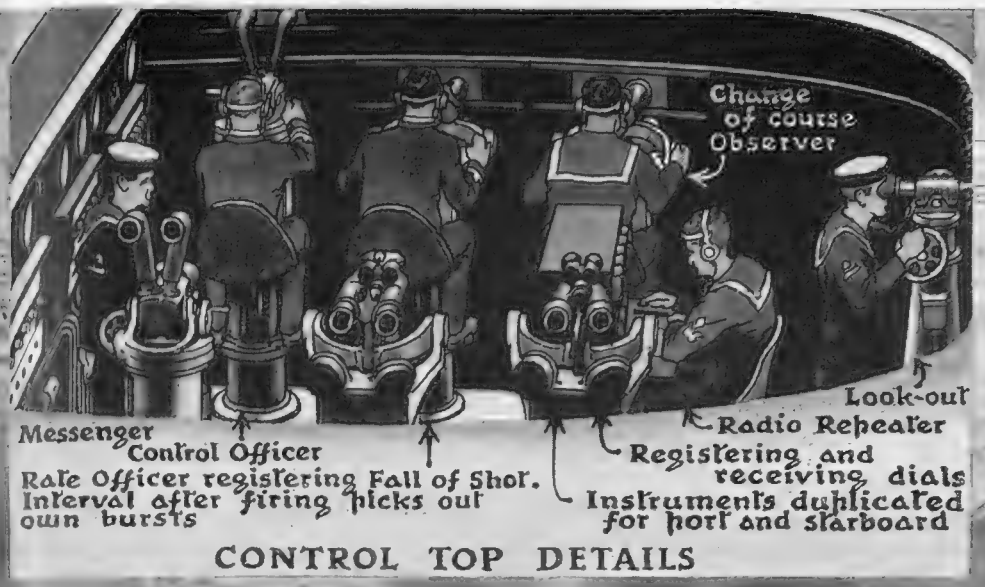


Drawn specially for "The Sphere" by S. W. Clatworthy (Artist's Copyright in U.S.A.)

THE BRAIN OF A BRITISH BATTLESHIP

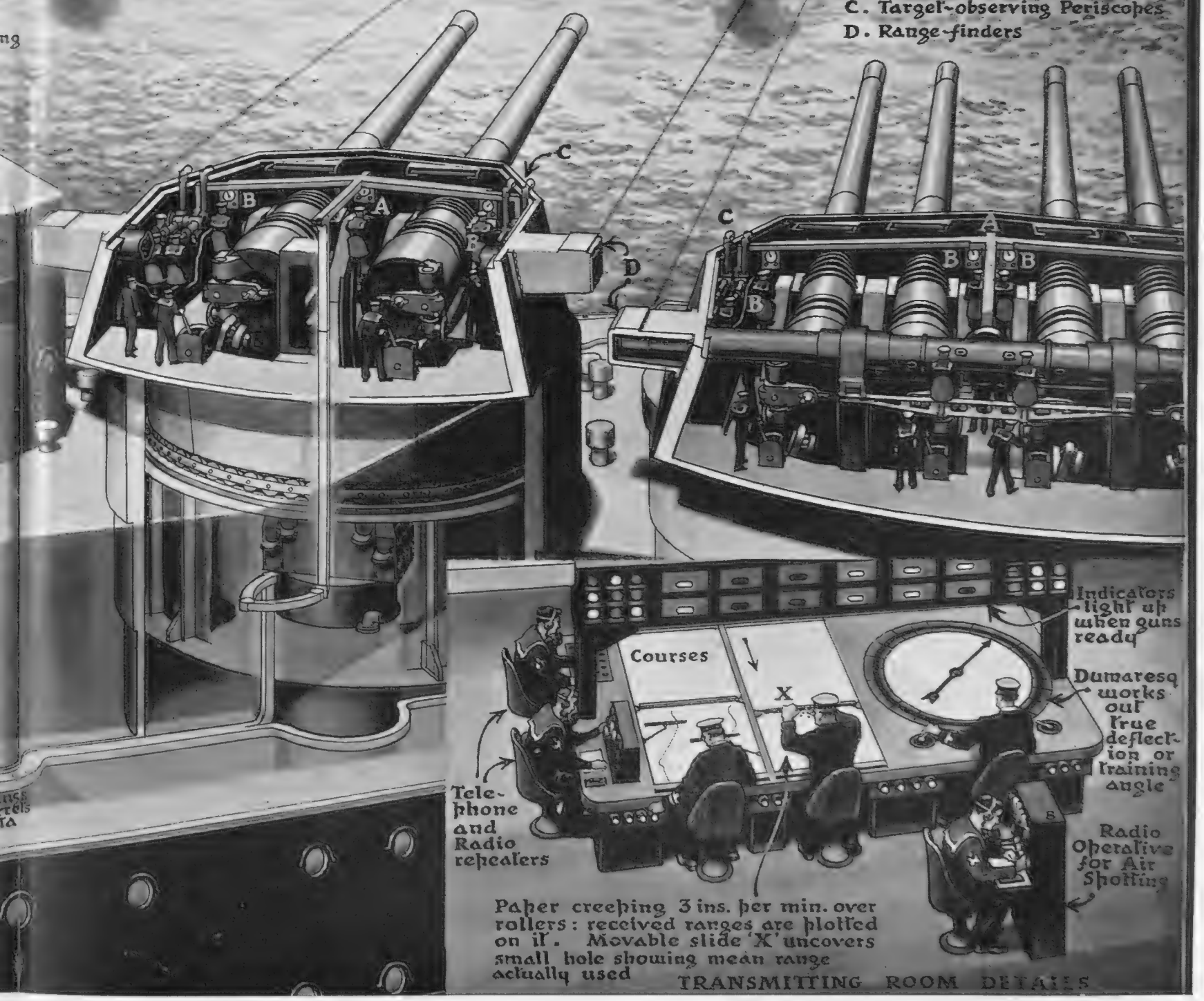
First Authentic Details of How the Big Guns are Operated from the Control Tower and from the Transmitting Room

For the first time "The Sphere" is enabled to present
in entirety the system whereby the big guns on a mod
are controlled. During the course of decades the control t
evolved to deal with the stupendous navigational and sigh
arising from the longer and ever longer range of the 15-
guns which form part of the armament of a modern man-of-
the 16-in. guns of the British Navy are capable of hi
some 20 miles away—that is to say, a target invisible
the deck level! How this is done is explained in the



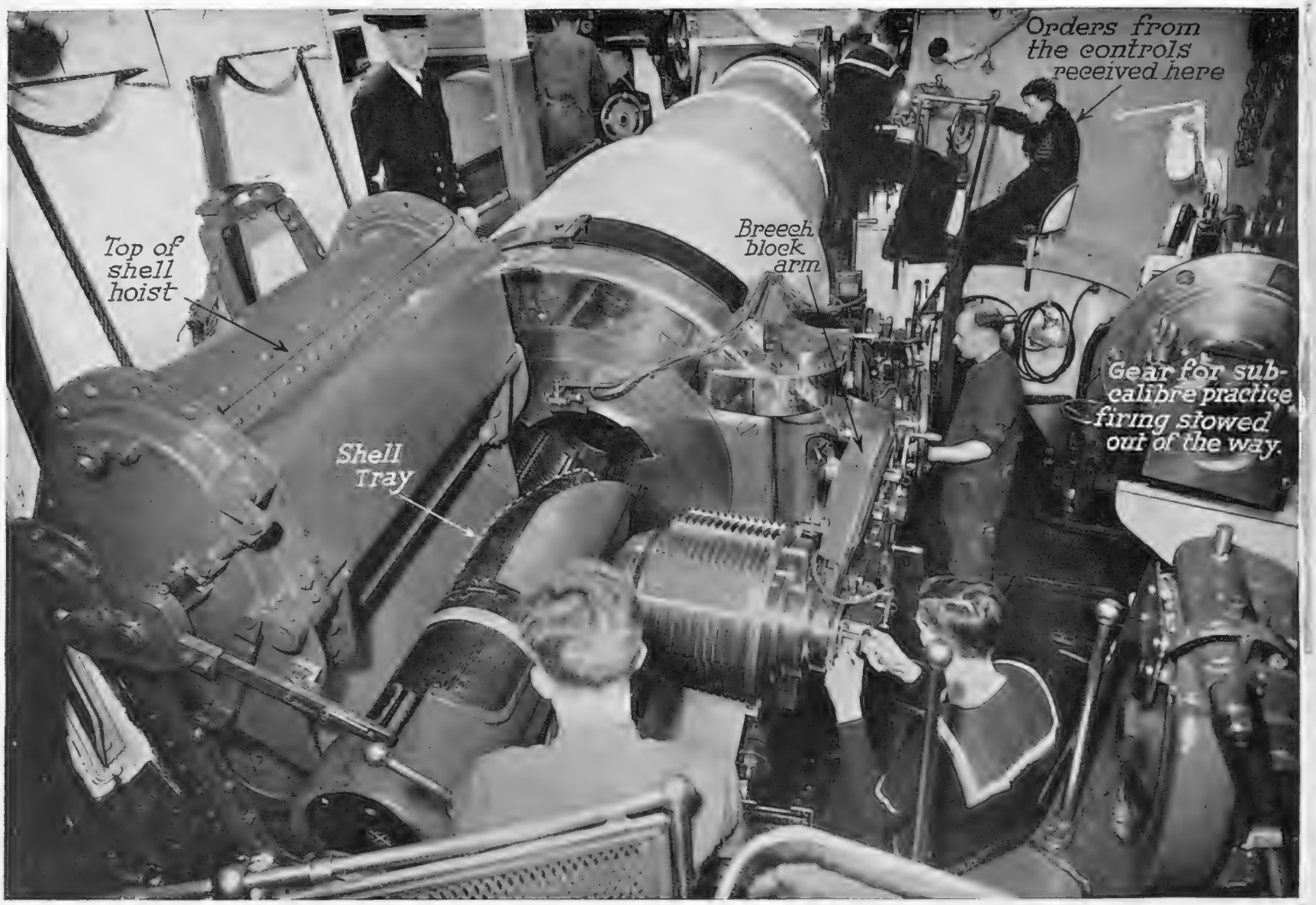
CONTROL TOP DETAILS

In Gun-houses
A. Gun Trainers and
B. Layers (elevation) following dials controlled from Transmitting Room
C. Target-observing Periscopes
D. Range-finders



TRANSMITTING ROOM DETAILS

...nt to its readers ...modern battleship ...ol tower has been ...sighting problems ... 15-in. and 16-in. ...-of-war. To-day, ...hating a target ...ble to a man on ... the drawing by Mr. Clatworthy above; read in conjunction with the two articles by Mr. Bowen and Mr. Thompson in this special section, the drawing will show clearly, even to the non-technical reader, how all the movements whilst the ship is in action are synchronised. From the top of the control tower right down to the bowels of the ship each platform and bridge has its own distinctive function. The Transmitting Room—the nerve centre of the whole system and Fire Control headquarters—must be in the safest position in the ship, under the thickest protective deck and behind the thickest side armour. The lay-out shown here is also duplicated aft, but less elaborately. The duplication of the range-finders ensures a continuity of the necessary readings despite local blinding which may occur as the result of drifting smoke, or even by damage by enemy shell-fire. The Dumaresq device (shown in detail on the left, and in its actual position in the Transmitting Room on the right) is so named after its inventor. How it operates is described in Mr. Thompson's article on pages 374-5. Besides the details given in Mr. Clatworthy's drawing there are telephones laid to every part of the ship. The complete scientific equipment illustrated here costs about £250,000 for one battleship



WITHIN THE GUN TURRET OF A BRITISH BATTLESHIP

After all the elaborate calculations have been made, as a result of the collaboration between the control tower and transmitting room, the necessary orders have then to be sent to the actual gun turret, where the colossal guns are charged and fired. This unusual picture (lettered specially to bring out various essential points) shows the crowded scene within this chamber, with the gun crew at their action stations

GUNNERY at TWENTY-MILES RANGE

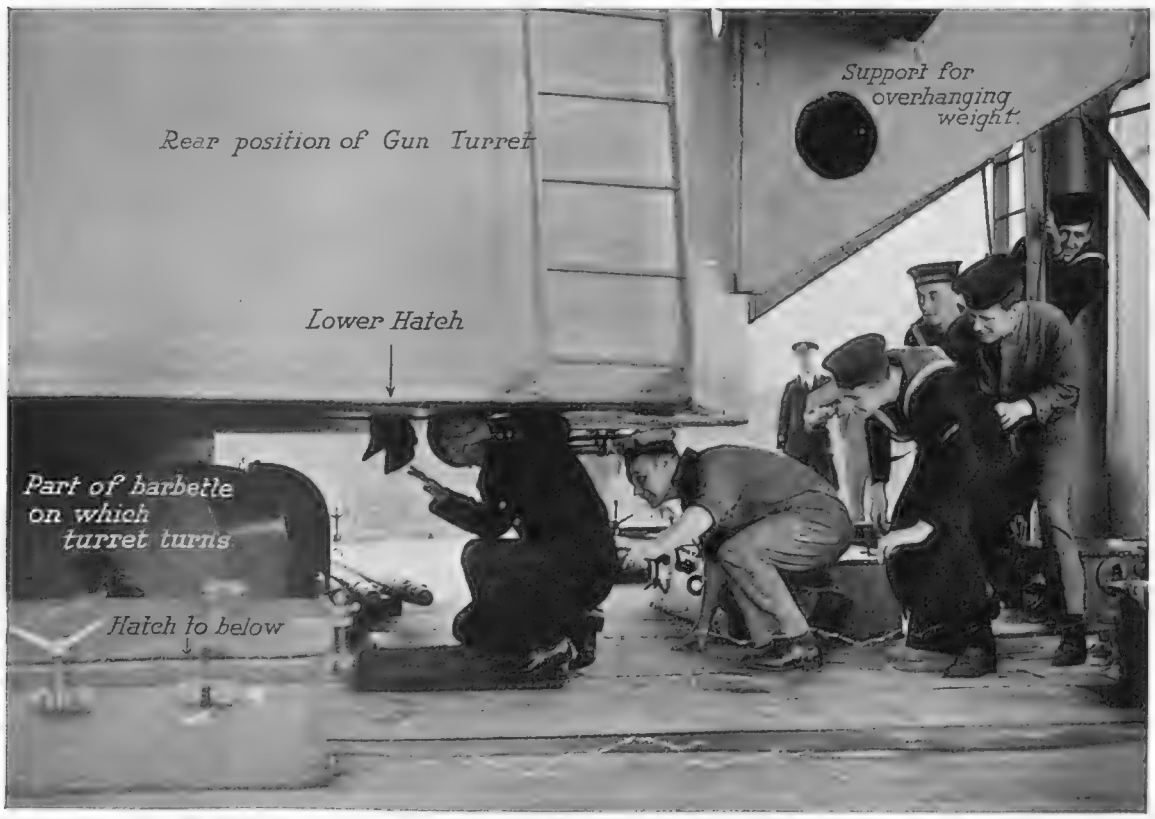
The Scientific Instruments in the Control Turret and How They Are Operated

Described by NOEL THOMPSON

TO a layman the accuracy of naval gunnery at very long ranges must always remain something of a mystery. For one thing, even in peace-time, the instruments employed are more or less on the secret list, though the navies of the world employ somewhat similar methods. For another thing, naval gunnery takes years of practice and experience and calls for, I think, a particular type of brain which the average layman does not possess. Fountain head of gunnery, of course, is the fire-control station, which in a battleship will be under the gunnery officer, probably a lieutenant-commander, with three officers and five ratings under him. In a cruiser or destroyer a lieutenant will be in charge. Before going to the fountain head, however, let us look at his problems and see how the threads come into his hand.

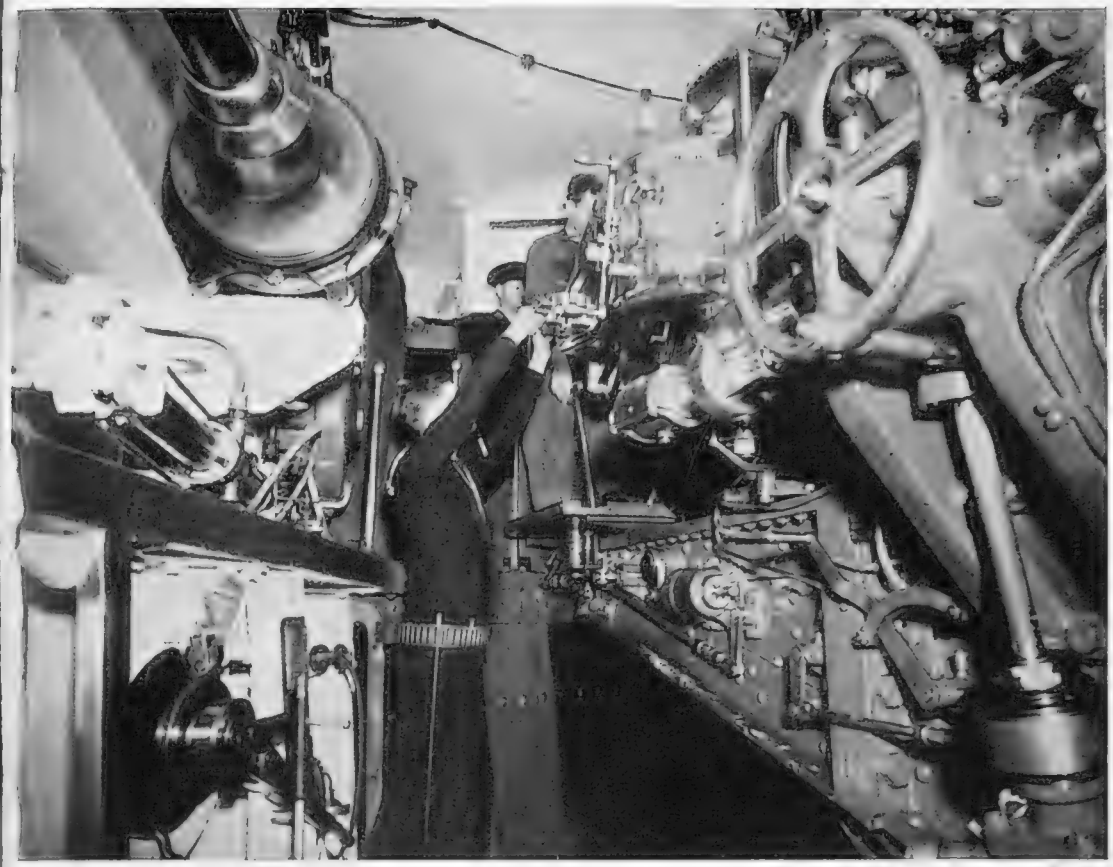
It is an obvious truism that fire control is the most important point in making a ship efficient. Without good gunnery the best guns in the world are almost useless, as the *Graf Spee's* performance in the battle of the River Plate indicated.

The main difficulties the gunners have to contend with are: (1) elevation, and (2) wind and target movement. In the old days the fire-control officer might order a single shot to be fired for sighting purposes, but in a modern battle that is clearly impossible, hence the necessity for remote control away from the guns, with the officer high up to spot the fall of the shots. Nowadays he fires a salvo, probably half a broadside, and watches the result. Then the other half of the broadside, after he has made a correction, so as to bracket the target. The third salvo, after he has halved the correction, should be on the mark.



HOW ENTRY TO THE CONFINED GUN TURRET IS MADE BY THE CREW

The turret itself is, of course, heavily armoured, and it is essential that there should be no weaknesses in its construction. Consequently the gun crews have to enter by hatches below and above the turret. The three pictures given here were taken in H.M.S. *Iron Duke* and actually show the two methods of entry—*above* by means of the lower hatch, and *on right* by means of the upper. The *centre* illustration shows one of the gun crew actually coming up into the turret through the lower hatch



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE INSIDE OF A GUN TURRET IN H.M.S. "IRON DUKE"—A COMPANION PICTURE TO THE BIGGER VIEW ON THE LEFT, SHOWING THE MAZE OF MECHANISM WITHIN THE TURRET

These are the corrections which the control officer has to make.: (1) difference in the muzzle velocity of the guns; (2) the effect on muzzle velocity due to the temperature of the charge; (3) direction and force of wind; and (4) barometer and thermometer readings. Nos. 1 and 2 remain more or less constant, but Nos. 3 and 4 are corrected all the time. It is obvious that the longer the range the greater the difficulties. For one thing, at 20,000 yards the shell goes into an unknown wind, and a little known atmosphere. And the spotting becomes far more difficult unless aircraft are used.

There are four main gunnery positions, all closely interconnected, with rapid and sure communication (in other words, several telephone lines as well as cables from the instruments), which are the observing station aloft, the principal control station, the transmitting station, and the guns. Of these the transmitting station is below deck where it can be as reasonably safe and quiet as possible. I should liken this rather to a clearing and assembling house. Here are most of the instruments and here observations are made on the range, later to be passed on to the fire-control station.

A lieutenant is in charge with assistants varying from six in a small ship to thirty-five in a battleship, most of whom are boys or bandsmen, boys because they can do the work and are out of the way, but bandsmen for a reason wrapped in mystery. At any rate, I was told it had always been a naval tradition.

In a battleship the transmitting room will deal with the range observations of at least six range-finders and strike a mean between them. Then there is the Dryer calculating table, which is in general use for calculating the speed of change of range according to the speed and course of the target. These change of range calculations involve two triangles, the course and speed of the firing ship and the bearing, course and speed of the target ship. The first two factors are, of course, known. The bearing of the target is easily found, but the course and speed of the target have to be discovered by calculation and judgment. For instance, the speed of the target is always guessed at first, but with surprising accuracy.

It is necessary to go through still further points before returning to the fire-control post, which will soon have all the information necessary. The change of range calculation (on the Dumaresq system) is done graphically with the rate of change read off in yards per minute. Large clock faces with big pointers are set to run by powerful clockwork at the rate the range is changing, and they can show the rate increasing or decreasing by anything from 0 to 2,000 yards a minute.

There are also the deflection calculators, to allow for the wind. These have to be corrected by observation of results at long range as the wind may be quite different at the target ship. The bearing indicator is in the control positions, where azimuth plates are used. Bearings read from zero, the fore and aft line of the ship. Well, there are the majority of the calculations which have to be made. A nice ten minutes work to co-ordinate, you would say. Not a bit. On an efficient ship the work would take just about fifteen seconds. For very long ranges, where the need for immediate fire was not urgent, a minute might be allowed.

And so we come to the actual moment of firing. As the result of an invention by Admiral Sir Percy Scott, all the guns on a ship can be fired by a single layer, who is some distance away from the guns. He has a director-sight, which is really a dummy gun. It can be trained and elevated just like a gun mounting, and is connected with every gun, which moves exactly in sympathy.

With all the information now at his disposal the layer can take his aim. Dials beside the guns record every movement of the director-sight, so that it is only necessary to follow the pointers. The layer, in the control tower, sets his telescope on the target. The gunnery officer has all the guns under the control of a single trigger. The permissive order to fire—a gong—is heard. A moment later the ear-shattering roar announces that the broadside is on its way.

If there are two ships firing at one target, they fire alternately. If there are more than two, the leader, with that amazing co-ordination and organisation which the *Achilles*, *Ajax*, and *Exeter* showed to perfection against the *Graf Spee*, will control the fire so as to obtain the mean of the squadron's salvos.

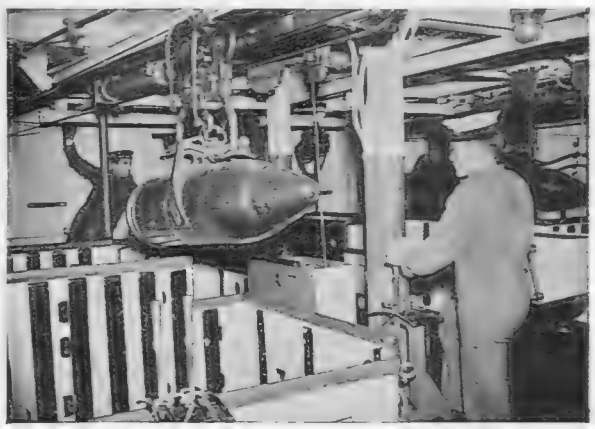
To me that still did not explain how the guns, with barrels sixty feet long, can be fired at the right moment when a vessel is rolling, pitching, or yawling, and possibly all three at once. At one moment, I thought, they must be aiming almost into the sky, and at the next into the sea.

And here the answer is human. It is the skill of the director layer. As he looks through his telescope the downward roll of the ship takes it just dropping on to the target; in other words, he waits until he sees the target beginning to appear at the bottom of his lens. Then he times it, presses the trigger. In the naval phrase, the director layer "hunts the roll" to choose his time for firing.

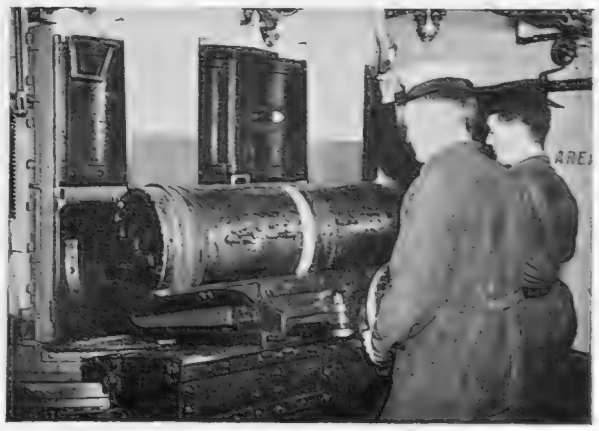
And that should be that.

A GUN-LAYER AT WORK IN THE TURRET—HE ACTUALLY FIRES THE GUN BY MEANS OF A PISTOL GRIP

AT THE DELICATE CONTROLS OF A 15-IN. GUN, FOLLOWING THE INSTRUCTIONS FROM THE CONTROL TOWER



A 13.5-IN. SHELL IN THE AMMUNITION HOIST ON ITS WAY TO THE GUN TURRET FROM THE MAGAZINE



THE SHELL ON THE BOGIE ON WHICH IT TRAVELS RIGHT UP TO THE GUN IN THE TURRET

WITHIN THE TURRET—BRINGING THE CHARGES OUT OF THE MAGAZINE READY FOR LOADING

THE GUN TURRETS AND THE GUNS—A STUDY IN NAVAL IMPLACABILITY!

GUN TURRET AND GUNS

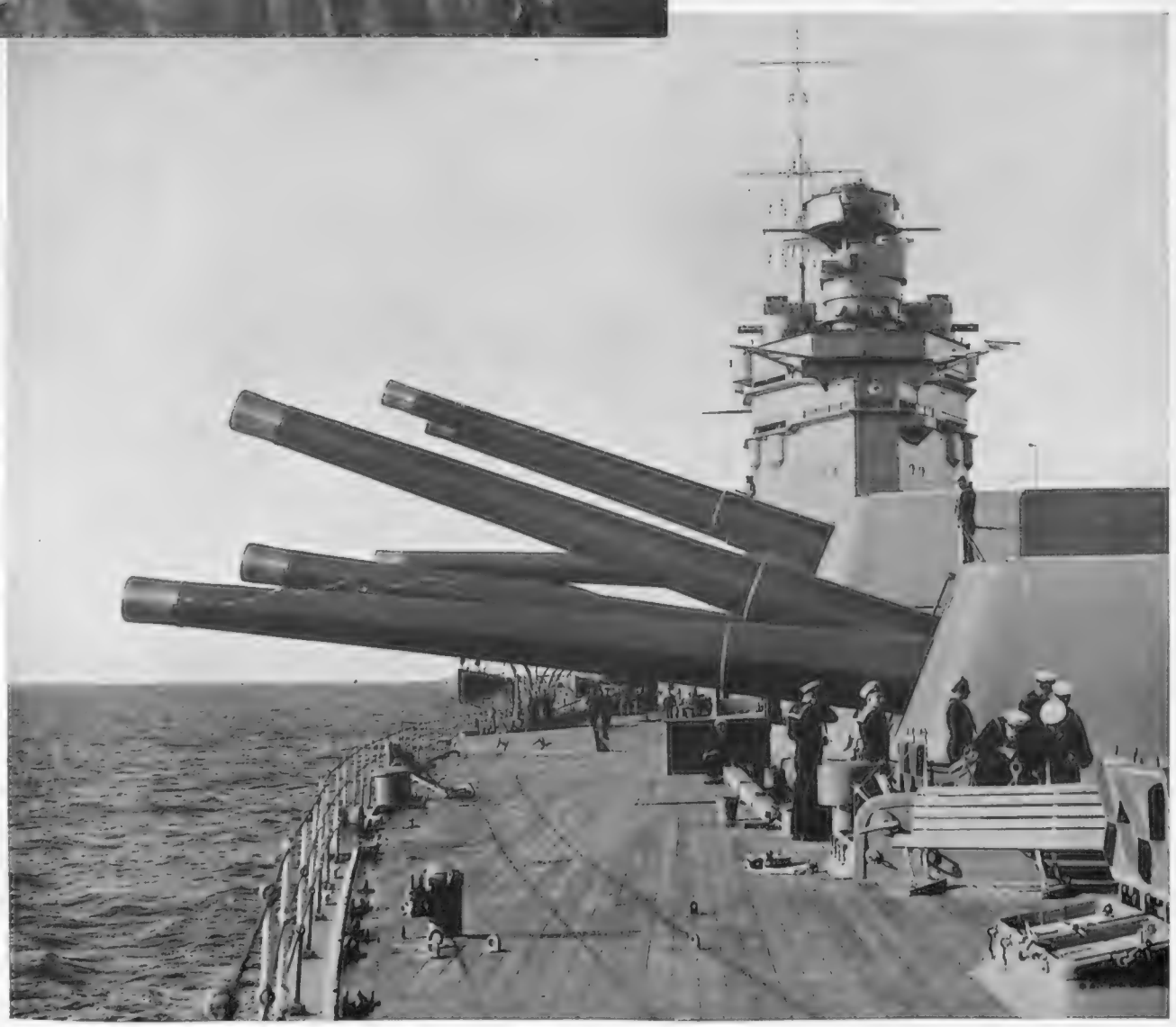
After all the Elaborate Calculations the Guns are Ready . . .

IN THE PIPING TIMES OF PEACE

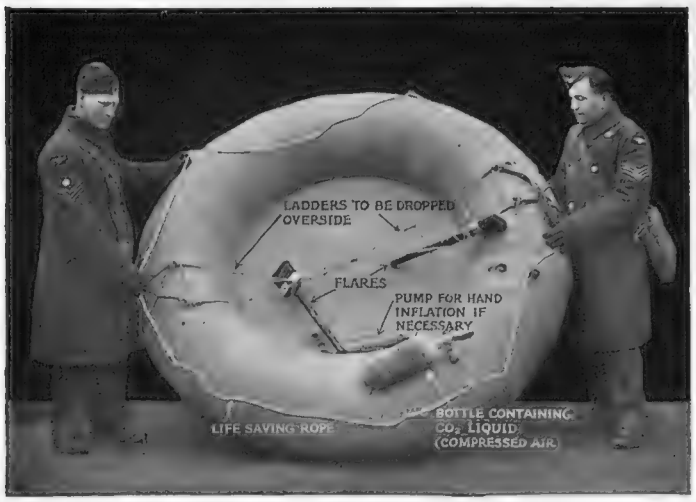
When all is calm on a British battleship, the gun muzzles are neatly finished off with polished plates such as those seen here. Very, very few British ships, however, have their guns "stoppered" in these days!

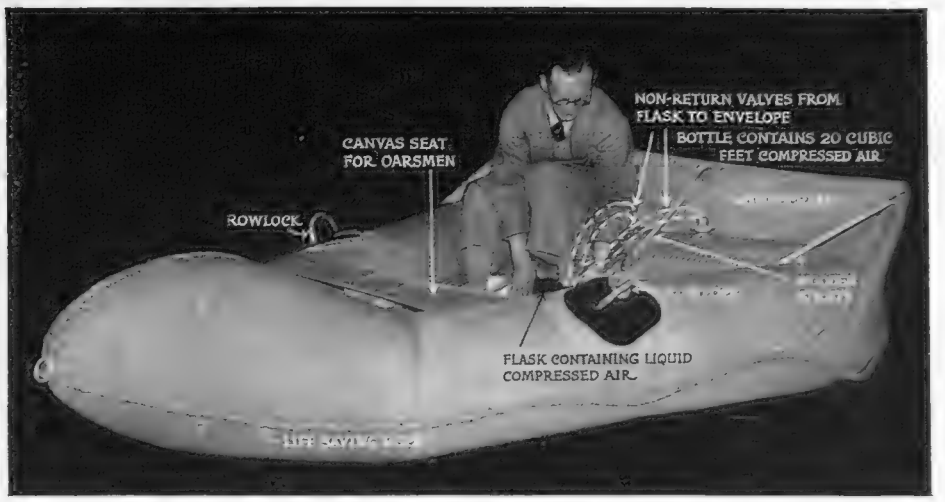
As the design of guns progressed from the days of Trafalgar when broadsides were fired at point-blank range, it became evident that some system of effective sighting and control was necessary. With the growing range of the guns, the higher speed of the ships, the greater navigational difficulties, the modern fire-control turret was slowly evolved and perfected—until to-day we have the wonderful constructions and organisation illustrated on the preceding pages.

It is to the late Sir Percy Scott that we owe our present highly complex system of controlling fire from a central station. The greatest virtue of this is that advantage can be taken of the roll of the ship, which elevates the guns and increases the range, thus immensely improving the value of salvo firing. Furthermore, by this system it is possible to direct a vessel's guns from a central station, where range and successive corrections can be calmly and quietly worked out apart from the confusion which must prevail in the actual vicinity of the guns. The value of the fire-control turret has been proved in every naval action of the past twenty-five years



On right—CONTROL TOWER AND THE GUNS IT CONTROLS





TWO TYPES OF COLLAPSIBLE LIFE-BOAT FOR USE WHEN AN AIRCRAFT IS DISABLED OR SUNK AT SEA

The underlying principle in each of these types is the employment of CO_2: they are designed for carrying on bombers and seaplanes, for the transport of men and materials, and for emergency use. The dinghy has inner inflatable tubes protected by an outer cover of strong rot-proof canvas. Strapped to the floor is a cylinder of compressed CO_2 (carbon dioxide), with valves and connections for inflating the tubes, and a small hand-bellows is provided for "topping up." A pair of oars and a pair of light-weight paddles are included in the equipment

MORE ABOUT THE COLLAPSIBLE BOAT

—"The Lifeboat of the Air"

IN THE SPHERE of November 11, 1939, we published details of the very cleverly-designed collapsible rubber boat, carried by all over-sea aircraft of the R.A.F. We are enabled on this page to give further particulars of this very interesting invention which, incidentally, has already been responsible for saving the lives of many airmen in the execution of their war-time duties.

The inflatable dinghy is, in reality, a coracle brought up to date. There are three kinds, the long oval (Wembley Stadium type in the words of one R.A.F. man), the large circular, and the triangular. The larger ones are used in the big flying-boats and bombers, others in the smaller seaplanes. The oval dinghy—the collapsible D type—perhaps the most in use, carries six people, weighs 56 lb., and is stowed deflated in a canvas valise, slung on two small hooks behind the pilot. As its name implies, it is used for other purposes besides that of life saving. In addition to a flying-boat's crew of six, or even eight, it can also—by means of its supporting ropes—hold up another ten in the water.

It is triangular in shape with a pronounced bow, and a canvas screen at the stem, which, when supported by wooden struts, form a useful protection against the weather. When needed in an emergency the crew drop the dinghy overboard and immediately the liquid air (CO_2), contained in a flask, is released in the form of gas, expanding to 500 times its original capacity through two non-return valves to fill out the gas envelope to a length of 8 ft. 6 ins.

The crew can now climb aboard. The oarsmen sit on a canvas seat, bracing their feet against a rope and their oars through the rowlocks. The dinghy contains oars, canvas seats slung across, a compass, a first-aid outfit, and provisions, all cleverly stowed. The reasons why these are kept in the dinghy are that there might not be time to transfer them from the aircraft itself, and in transferring them the dinghy might be damaged.

The fabric of the dinghy is a rubberised material. The floor is built in rigidly. The storage cylinder of gas is about 1 ft. long and 6 in. in diameter. The automatic valve was an American invention, but the dinghy itself and the methods of stowage and ejection are British, the work of the Air Ministry technical staff

Some time ago many experiments were made to reduce the time of automatic inflation, and to improve methods of stowage. Thus was evolved a system of packing the dinghy tightly, and stowing it in the upper main plane, enclosed by a "blow-out" cover that followed the wing-profile. As soon as the craft struck water a valve mechanism on the carbon dioxide cylinder, operated by water pressure, caused the dinghy to inflate immediately. The expansion of the dinghy released the "blow-out" cover, and the boat was forced out into the open.

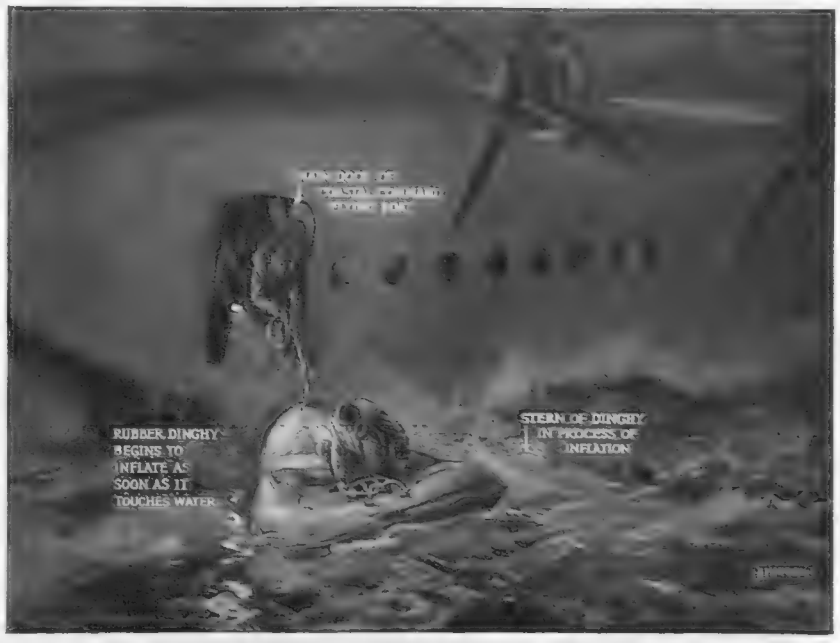
But this highly-ingenious, perhaps too ingenious method has been found impracticable under certain conditions.

A lighter and smaller pattern of the same type to carry four, used for the machines on aircraft-carriers, is packed in on a shelf just under the fuselage with doors opening above. The pilot can by pulling a pin unlock the door—a cord pulled releases the gas—the dinghy inflates and opens the doors and launches itself when it reaches the water ready for the crew to enter.

There is also the circular type of inflatable raft in use in the Air Force—purely a life-saver with ladders to climb in, and a hand pump in case of accident with the liquid air. The objects which look like paddles are flares.

THE COLLAPSIBLE DINGHY (D TYPE) AS SUPPLIED TO THE AIR FORCE AND THE NAVAL AIR ARM

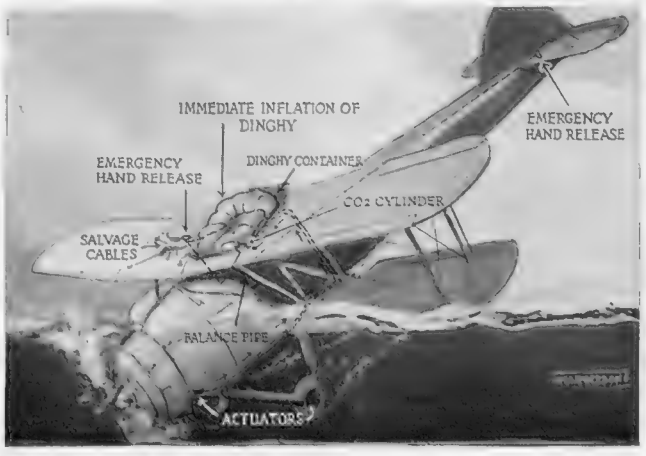
It can carry a flying-boat's crew of six—or even eight; by means of its supporting ropes it can hold up another ten in the water



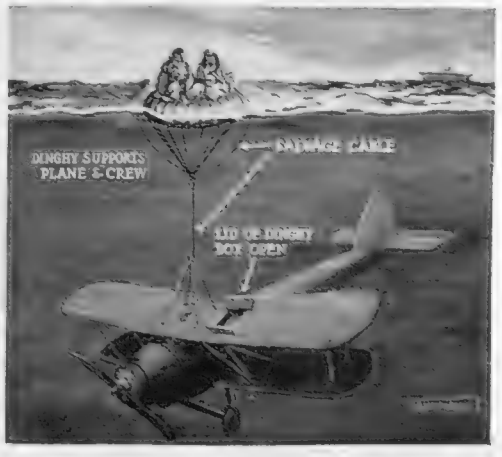
TAKING TO THE BOATS—COASTAL COMMAND VERSION

In this case, the disablement of a huge flying-boat, there is time to launch the dinghy from the main cabin in the manner shown. The collapsible dinghy becomes fully inflated within thirty seconds of touching the water

TRAINING THE MEN OF THE COASTAL COMMAND IN THE PROPER USE OF THE COLLAPSIBLE RUBBER BOAT



FOR CERTAIN TYPES OF AIR-CRAFT THE DINGHY SUPPORTS BOTH PLANE AND CREW



This type of collapsible boat not only saves the crew of two in an emergency, but is also capable of holding up the aeroplane for some time until help comes. By this means it is sometimes possible to haul up both men and aircraft!

A LONDON CHEMICAL ENGINEER (ON LEFT) CHATS WITH A REGULAR AIR FORCE OFFICER

A NORTHUMBERLAND LAND AGENT

A SHIPOWNER FROM GLASGOW

WEEK-END PILOTS IN FRANCE.—Serving with the Royal Air Force in France are a number of men of pre-war Auxiliary Squadrons who, while still in civilian life carrying on with their normal occupations, learned to fly in their spare time. They have now settled down among the Royal Air Force personnel, and already many of them have

OUR PRIVATE AIR WARS

Controversy Over the Control of the R.A.F. Still Continues

By CHARLES G. GREY

(Founder of *The Aeroplane*)

AN aviating friend of mine, who is at the same time a realist and a humorist, remarked recently that we might do well to ask the German Air Force to take a holiday or go on leave or declare an armistice while we settle up our private air wars at home. He said that he had been reading about the war between the Railway Air Service interests and the independent Air Transport Operators to decide which was going to operate air transport in the British Isles, and about the war between the Service, or R.A.F., side of the Air Ministry and the Department of Civil Aviation to decide which of them is going to govern Air Transport after the war between the Air Transport Operators themselves had been won, and now Sir Roger Keyes has arisen again, for the *n*th time in the past fifteen years or so, to claim another chunk of the R.A.F. for the Navy.

Moreover, in the background, he remarked, was the fact that the Army did not seem content to revive the Royal Flying Corps for the Army, but evidently wanted to split the Air Force between the Navy and the Army and have no independent Air Force to carry on air war.

All these internal controversies would be frightfully bad for the morale of the fighting Air Force but for the fact that, thanks to the sound foundations on which Sir Hugh Trenchard (now Viscount) built the Air Force, the R.A.F. is big enough and proud enough of itself, and knowledgeable enough about its own form of warfare, not to mind the internal squabbles of all these groundlings. But it is not really amused by them.

During the War 1914–18 most senior officers in the Navy treated the Royal Naval Air Service with scorn and contumely. But a lot of the younger officers who were at sea at that time and saw what the Royal Naval Air Service could do in the way of spotting for their guns and bombing and torpedoing enemy ships, especially submarines, formed a high opinion of the possibilities of a Naval Air Arm. Captain Roger Keyes was one of the youngest Post Captains and he did appreciate the possibilities of naval aviation. So ever since he came to flag rank he has agitated for the return of naval aviation to the Navy.

A curious fact about the naval agitation between 1925 and 1930 was that leading agitators in the newspapers for the return of the Royal Naval Air Service to the Navy were in the main elderly admirals who had made less use of the Royal Naval Air Service during the war than anybody else. I can only assume that, like so many others, they found salvation late in life. And there is no zealot so zealous as a convert.

AUXILIARY PILOTS OF THE R.A.F. ("THE WEEK-DUTY OFFICE IN FRANCE WHERE THEY NOW

Air Marshal Sir Hugh Trenchard, as he then was, as Chief of the Air Staff, and Sir Samuel Hoare, Bart., as Secretary of State for Air, started in 1923 to rebuild the Royal Air Force, which had been disbanded and practically destroyed by Mr. Winston Churchill when he was doubling the parts of War Minister and Air Minister just after the Armistice.

When Sir Hugh Trenchard left the Air Force in 1930 he said that he had at any rate laid foundations on which his successors could build a castle if they wanted to, and if they did not want to build anything bigger than a cottage it would at any rate be a jolly good cottage. To-day the R.A.F. castle (we must be careful not to call it a castle in the air) which is being built on Lord Trenchard's foundations exceeds anything which even the keenest of his supporters visualised.

The probability is that Lord Trenchard himself, who could always see twenty years ahead of everybody else, visualised something still bigger. And he was able to lay his plans because during the war he had worked with an Air Force which consisted of 30,000 officers and 300,000 men, which was, I believe, a higher figure than we have yet reached in this war. His foresight is shown by the fact that a White Paper which bears his signature and was issued at the end of 1919 stated definitely that when the Air Force itself was strong enough there might possibly also be a separate Naval Air Service and a separate Flying Corps for the Army, but that the great thing was to have such a big Air Force that these diversions would not affect it.

Where the doctrines of to-day of Sir Roger Keyes become dangerous is when he demands that certain duties of the Royal Air Force should be handed over to the Air Branch of the Royal Navy, properly called the Fleet Air Arm, just because they are performed over water.

At the beginning of 1939, in conformity with Sir Hugh Trenchard's White Paper of

CADET WING-COMMANDER CYRIL BALL, brother of Captain Albert Ball, famous airman V.C. of the last war (who shot down eleven German machines in twenty-six fights within twelve days) is now training cadets at Nottingham for future membership of the R.A.F. Cyril Ball joined his brother's squadron in the R.F.C. and was shot down by anti-aircraft guns and taken prisoner

A CLASSROOM ON WINGS: At Cranwell, apart from the R.A.F. College where cadets are trained for permanent commissions, there is a R.A.F. training establishment for aircraft apprentices. Their "classroom" is an aeroplane, and as only a few at a time can be taken aloft, highly individual attention is guaranteed. This picture, taken actually within the aeroplane, shows the instructor giving an apprentice a lesson on the operation of the transmitter and receiver, whilst another pupil is seen on the left awaiting his turn for instruction. It will be noticed that parachutes are being worn—an invariable rule in the R.A.F.

A STOCKTON-ON-TEES ENGINEER

A YOUNG PILOT FROM AYLESBURY

achieved distinction in combat with the enemy. Unfortunately, owing to the repugnance of the authorities to allow these men the publicity their public spirit deserves they must remain anonymous; nevertheless they will doubtless be recognised by their friends. Their portraits are given here to commemorate their devotion to their country

A SUNDERLAND TIMBER MERCHANT AND A CIVIL ENGINEER FROM NORTH YORKSHIRE

END FLYERS") TAKE IT EASY OUTSIDE THEIR WORK ALONGSIDE THE REGULAR R.A.F.

1919, the Navy was given its own Fleet Air Arm. Which meant that it had all the aeroplanes which could be carried in aircraft-carriers to fly from or alight on the deck, or in cruisers and battleships to fly from their catapults with floats, and to alight on the water and be hauled inboard by a derrick afterwards. Readers will remember that the catapult craft of the *Exeter* did well in the *Graf Spee* affair.

But now Sir Roger is not satisfied with the catapult craft and deck flyers. Speaking in the House of Commons on February 27, he said "The Navy still lacks any control over a number of aircraft which carry out purely naval functions, with disturbing and sometimes dangerous results."

Just what he meant by the last part of that sentence is not clear. There were instances during the War 1914–18, when both submarines and aeroplanes were comparatively novel weapons, on which our aeroplanes mistook our submarines for German U-boats. And on the other hand our anti-aircraft guns mistook our aircraft for German aeroplanes. Such mistakes still happen, so possibly our aeroplanes still make mistakes about our submarines.

But I doubt whether young and enthusiastic aviators straight out of naval flying schools, who had never served a long and bitter cadetship at Dartmouth and as "snotties" in big ships, would have any better knowledge of the technical recognisability of individual periscopes and conning towers than have the ordinary aviators of the R.A.F.

Sir Roger Keyes later said that he hoped that when such ships as the *Graf Spee* were encountered again they would be met by aircraft-carriers with their own fighter machines.

That is perfectly reasonable. The Navy would probably do well to build a large number of very fast aircraft-carriers much smaller than those which we have at present. At any rate, that is what the American Navy seems to be doing. And the R.A.F. would not in the least object.

Where Sir Roger is likely to draw upon himself the whole broadside of all those who are concerned with the R.A.F. is when he says, "I would suggest that a Naval Air Service should be formed at once without any further delay with the Coastal Command placed under the direct control of the Admiralty." That is the one point on which the R.A.F. will never give way unless the whole weight of the War Cabinet is against it.

At first sight the Coastal Command, which controls all flying-boats and general reconnaissance machines which go hunting for submarines and escort convoys and so forth along the narrow seas, and a considerable distance out into the Atlantic, might be the affair of the Navy, but, in fact, that work is purely the function of the R.A.F.

There was a time when the operation of harbour mines and of coast-defence guns was in the hands of the Royal Navy. For reasons which were obvious at the time, the guns were taken away from the Navy and given to the Royal Garrison Artillery, and the harbour mines were given to the Royal Engineers. Some thirty years ago when the laying of minefields extended far out to sea and were no longer concerned only with harbour mouths, the laying of minefields was taken from the Royal Engineers and returned to the Navy. But the guns still belong to the Royal Regiment of Artillery.

Naturally the aeroplanes and flying-boats of the Coastal Command co-operate closely with the Navy and act as scouts for convoys and for mine-sweepers, look out for ships which have been torpedoed or mined, and keep in close touch with the naval stations. More than once R.A.F. flying-boats have come down to rescue men from the water. Many times coastal reconnaissance aeroplanes have seen men in boats or on rafts or lifebuoys, and have signalled their whereabouts to ships afloat or to naval craft in harbour.

But that is merely friendly and willing co-operation. It is quite a different thing from being put "under the direct control of the Admiralty." There is no doubt that the Fleet Air Arm might be much bigger than it is. The Navy might have a much greater number of small aircraft-carriers so that each convoy could have its own aircraft-carrier with it and could be kept under constant observation from the air until it came into the narrow seas where it would be escorted by R.A.F. machines of the Coastal Command, just as convoys might creep along inside territorial waters under the protection of a screen of coastal guns if no such things as submarines existed.

The unfortunate fate of the *Courageous* and the narrow escape of the *Ark Royal* is not an encouragement for the use of big high-speed aircraft-carriers. Their duty is to manœuvre with squadrons of high-speed battle-cruisers and to protect them against surprise by enemy submarines or battle fleets. But small slow aircraft-carriers, not necessarily bigger than tankers, equipped with very slow-flying and slow-landing aeroplanes, which would be cheap to design and build, and ought to cost no more than the box-kite biplanes of thirty years ago, would be a valuable adjunct to the Navy and a legitimate addition to the Fleet Air Arm.

PILOTS LEARN THE SECRETS OF THE BIG BOMB: The training of pilots is one of the primary considerations of the R.A.F. In addition to learning to control and manœuvre the aeroplane, they are also taught the secrets of all types of bombs. This picture shows airmen in the North of England receiving a lecture on a 250-lb. "general purposes" bomb

TRAINING THE "FLEDGELINGS" OF THE AIR: This picture was taken at No. 3 Elementary Flying Training and No. 11 Air Observer Navigation Schools "Somewhere in the South of England." Here young men receive a thorough training in all branches of aeronautics, the subjects including blind-flying, parachuting, gunnery, photography, and wireless. On completion of their training the young pupils are ready to carry on the great traditions of the R.A.F. This picture, taken during a flight in a bomber, shows the instructor giving a lesson in map-reading and navigation whilst another pupil actually flies the machine

PREPARING FOR PALM SUNDAY AT ADDLESTONE

Boys of the famous school, St. Mary-of-the-Angels Song, at Addlestone in Surrey, have been busy during the past days in making crosses for Palm Sunday. Many thousands of children throughout the country will receive these on Sunday next

EASTER IN BRITAIN

Pictures of Eastertide Activities in England and Ireland

ORNAMENTAL CANDLES FOR EASTER

Foreman Sydney Broughton (left) working on a triple candle. He has had twenty years' experience of this and similar difficult jobs

HOW THE CANDLES ARE ROLLED

The candle is submitted to the rolling process on coming off the hoop on which it is formed. The rolling boards are made of wood and the candle is rolled on a slab of marble

The approach of Easter, traditionally associated with candle-lights, has made further demands on the few existing firms in this country. While cheap candles are now produced mechanically—hundreds at a time—high-class ones are still made by hand, and there are only about two dozen skilled candle-makers throughout Great Britain. While electricity up to the outbreak of war had pushed the candle and most other forms of lighting out of people's homes, it made little headway in churches, especially Roman Catholic ones. Messrs. Francis Tucker and Co. (at whose works these pictures were taken) annually supply hundreds of tons of candles to over a thousand churches. Churches in the Dominions, too, get much of their supplies from this firm, which was established as early as 1730. So far, the war has not affected their supply of raw materials adversely to any extent, and the demand has increased very greatly.

NEW PRIESTS ORDAINED AT THE FAMOUS MOUNT MELLERAY MONASTERY IN IRELAND

A few days ago five priests were ordained at the Mount Melleray Monastery at Cappoquin in County Waterford. His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Kinane, Bishop of Waterford, was the ordaining prelate. After the ordination, the new priests usually impart their first blessing; and this picture shows them, now members of the Cistercian Order, imparting their blessing to members of the Community

There are OTHER THINGS than WAR . . .

—A Chronicle of Town and Country Doings

CLUBLAND'S PROBLEMS.—When I walk down Pall Mall and up St. James's Street my heart is heavy for the future of clubland. That great idea, which developed from the coffee-houses of the eighteenth century, is by no means dead to-day. With all our terrific social changes in the past decades, it not only vigorously survives but has enormously developed, and now embraces the whole sphere of womanhood.

The idea is as alive as ever. It is the methods of implementing it which must be modified to meet present conditions if clubland is to survive. What has happened? Every leading club has suffered a terrible decline in membership since January 1, 1940. Taxation, present and to come, is the cause, of course. The defections have been highest among "country members," and in my view committees made a bad mistake a few years ago in not boldly reducing country membership subscription. You cannot expect a member, permanently and solely resident in the country, who comes up at the most once a week, to pay 16 guineas a year for use of his club. It means that each luncheon he eats there costs him about 12s. instead of 3s. The criterion of the reduced country membership subscription should be the number of visits paid to the club and not the distance of his home from London.

SPRING IS HERE—DESPITE THE RECENT SNOWS AND RAINS

Throughout the countryside, on every hand, we hear the bleating of the new-born lambs—a sure prelude to Easter and the spring. In Kent some of the lambs are already quite big despite the inclemency of the recent weather, with its snow and rain, and the general wintriness of the 1939–40 winter

What are the remedies against loss of membership? Amalgamation, first and foremost. But how difficult a problem! Say the Travellers' and Brooks' contemplated amalgamation. Who could persuade Brooks' to sacrifice their famous house? Who the Travellers' to forgo their glorious library? How many clubs are there in London with which the members of another would be willing to merge? The whole essence of this club idea is based on a form of social selection. Economy? Certainly there is room for economies. Plush breeches for waiters, redundant stationery, library and newspaper subscriptions could be cut down. But such economies are a flea bite set beside the costs in rates, upkeep, taxes and so on.

Exchange to a smaller, once private, house? It has been tried successfully in the past. One club exchanged with profit to a house in Carlton Terrace and others to houses in Brook Street. One question is: Is the club ideal based on material or spiritual comfort? I am not so certain that, divorced of many of its luxuries and comforts, the naked ideal would survive long. Time will swiftly show. The changes must come soon in clubland. The experiments must be chosen and implemented.

Old and New in Suffolk.—To revisit the favourite haunts of youth is always interesting, not seldom disappointing. In my childhood our favourite watering place was Aldeburgh in Suffolk and this old seaside town and such points of interest as lay within "dog-cart reach" of it are highly prized in memory. Very well I recall the charm of Orford, the "Cathedrals" of Dunwich and Blythburgh, and Leiston Abbey where by favour of Mr. Jacky de Grey, the London magistrate, I shot my first partridge and speared my first eel with a trident. Fried for breakfast, I still recall the flavour of that eel.

Our nurse assured us that at certain times and seasons you could hear the bells tolling from the submerged belfries of Aldeburgh's buried churches. And needless to say we heard those submarine carillons time and again. For certainly when trade with the Low Countries was good, Aldeburgh and Dunwich were the Portsmouths of East Anglia. Let Blythburgh's solitary cathedral and Aldeburgh's wave-lapped moot-hall bear witness to the encroachment of the sea and the decline of the Flemish trade. Recently I revisited Aldeburgh to find that time had stood still (relatively speaking) over the moot-house, where the city fathers of Crabbe's birthplace still perhaps deliberate and turn pained eyes towards that mushroom growth, their go-ahead neighbour, Thorpeness.

A Mushroom Growth.—In my hot youth, Thorpeness was our favourite objective in our rambles in search of amber. What was it? It was a Ness which boasted a couple of old salts, a lobsterpot and an upturned boat. Cinderella's transformation was not in it with Thorpe's. Each was blessed with a fairy godmother capable of working on the meanest materials. Here, indeed, grew up the seaside joy-city of the hour. Here came first-class hotels, garden city layouts, social clubs, country clubs, golf and tennis clubs, courses and courts, sailing lakes "safe for the kiddies," bathing in every form, and I doubt not holiday prices to match.

Two miles away in Aldeburgh the sun seemed to have stood still. Look at Thorpeness! A decade or so ago a fashionable matron found a cottage there and sent her children to enjoy its dead-alive amenities. Only four decades ago or so I myself (complete with spade and bucket and effects packed in a tin bath) honoured Aldeburgh, a considerable and ancient town . . . and Aldeburgh seemed yesterday unchanged. Was I less fashionable than Thorpe's first child visitor? I cannot think so; rather I hold that every acre of England has its day. My own prayer for Aldeburgh is Joshua's prayer: May the sun stand still. I preferred her as Crabbe knew her.

Orford.—Reserved for an isolated treat once each holiday was the expedition in a sailing boat down the Ore to Orford, with the sea keeping us company and peeping over the narrow shingle barrier. Twice at least we failed to reach our objective, running aground and lying marooned in mid-stream for half the afternoon. And Orford was worth reaching. It had atmosphere. I am rejoiced to know it has it still. Henry II built that famous keep and "builded better than he knew."

For 800 years it guided seamen home, for 800 years Englishmen looked down lovingly on the little town, once populous (with two members of Parliament) and now decayed. A few years ago Lord Ullswater, I remember, appealed from Campsea Ashe for £5,000 to restore this noble relic, and I wondered what they would make of it. They did wonders. Nowhere will you find such well preserved Norman doors and windows. And the good work still needs finishing. What they have done has been done with less than £5,000. Suffolk, the county of rich men who until yesterday spent a great deal on sport, might do even more to preserve its fine Norman monument.

Joyfolk.—Before this last all-transforming war broke out, could any other English county vie with this part of Suffolk as a paradise for the favoured few who could afford to shoot every day of the season and had energy and means to entertain the neighbourhood the whole year round? Without owning an acre of land, any pleasant fellow, who held his gun reasonably straight, could be sure of four shooting days a week with charming neighbours, and as for golf and tennis, the difficulty was not to make up a game but to refuse one. "Silly" Suffolk knew very well how to amuse itself and to cater for all tastes.

For who need cry for colour and beauty in daily life who in a short run any summer afternoon could visit Ufford and Woodbridge, beloved by Edward Fitzgerald; view the sluggish Deben and the long ribbon of bird-haunted water meadows; wander in the woods of Butley Abbey, visit Helmingham's Tudor moated-manor house or little Grundisburgh; and revel in the broad open spaces of Saxmundham and Walberswick? Who would not live in Suffolk—if he could stand the east winds and afford the expense of driving to Liverpool Street?

The Provincial Lady. Aren't we all . . .?—The provincial lady in war-time (Miss Delafield, bless her heart!) makes very clear how united we are to-day as a nation. United because of our homogeneity. We are not many but one in type. In every city and village we have "enjoyed" the same war-time experiences, laughed at the same humours, absurdities and inconsistencies, criticised the same failures and failings and praised the same virtues and successes. We have all laughed in our sleeves at the militarised "executive woman" (with her chorus of female worshippers) and hoped that she will prove but a war excrescence; laughed at the scramble for "service," at the square pegs trying to force themselves into round holes. Authoresses serving tea, artists driving lorries, illiterate "Socialites" supplying suitable "information" to the enemy, experienced officers kicking their heels as infant school billeting officers . . .

We have all met Lady B, who won't have "evacuments," but would hold out for convalescent officers; we all know and admire the vicar's wife coping with a dozen "evacuments," and bereft of her "daily helper"; we have all suffered under the ardent warden and the too-soft or too-harsh spoken billeting officer, the local government mandarin who has modelled himself on Hitler while his hour of power lasts; we have noted and endured the discrepancies between the promises and the performances of food controllers, animal food controllers, and every other sort of controller. We all feel the same about petrol and propaganda, retired colonels and militant females, the strength of will and acute gentility of London school teachers, the eternal gulf which separates the town and country view-points.

We are a great race because we can laugh at ourselves and are not forbidden to laugh at our leaders. That is the reason, *facile princeps*, why we are, have been, and always will be a match for the Germans under whatever political banner they boost and boast and throw their weight about.

J. G.

THE THEME IS STILL LAMBS

One of the new army of Land Girls becomes acquainted with a somewhat bewildered couple of new arrivals down on the farm

A CORNER OF THE WORKSHOP: In the Office of Works in London there is a museum which is specially devoted to curios and antiques unearthed in the process of demolishing old buildings. These are then prepared and classified by experts

AN EXPERT AT WORK: Preparing a reconstruction of a green glazed Tudor tile, parts of which were found on the site of Whitehall Palace. Finds are sent from all over the country to this little-known Government department

A WEAPON OF BYGONE DAYS: Cleaning an ancient pike-head which was found at Farleigh Castle, Somerset. Considering its age, it was found to be in an excellent state of preservation

RELICS RESTORED AND REPAIRED: Miscellaneous finds including a Roman bronze swan of the first century from Richborough Castle, a milk bowl from Goodrich Castle, and a series of bottles from Helmsley Castle

THE "FINDS" MUSEUM

One of London's Least-known Collections of Antiques

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

"CHARACTER STUDY" NOVELS of TO-DAY

The Vagaries of Human Nature As a Fictional Theme

AN eminent critic has said of Mr. Graham Greene that he is one of the really significant novelists writing *in any* language. That **THE POWER AND THE GLORY** (Heinemann. 8s. 3d.) is a novel which demands more than ordinary attention is apparent to anyone after reading the first three pages.

For Mr. Greene can *write*; and I know of no other living novelist, with the exception of Mr. Somerset Maugham, who can set the tempo of his story in the first sentence and build character and action with such dramatic urgency as to engender positive excitement in the reader. The little Mexican port in which the story opens is not a pleasant spot. Indeed, it is about as unpleasant and unwholesome as the character and appearance of the English dentist to whom we are first introduced. But they are unforgettable, and a necessary and perfect overture to the main theme.

Mexico, as is well known, has recently been the scene of a determined persecution of the Catholic Church. This is a story of a priest on the run. Outlawed, and condemned to death if discovered, he moved through mountains, swamps and jungle to administer the sacraments to the faithful, for all that he was a bad priest, a "whisky priest" who had fallen into mortal sin. The scene where he returns to his native village and is confronted with his bastard child is one of the most powerful in the book. The villagers hate him, but they will not betray him even though hostages are taken to an almost certain death if he is not given up.

The priest is a remarkable creation, for there is nothing heroic in his human make-up, yet he holds the stage throughout, a strange mixture of feebleness and fervour, struggling, always struggling on to his inevitable doom.

There is a literary attitude towards the man of forty which has always puzzled me. "When a man's forty," say the novelists in effect, "he is halfway through life. He is still young and vigorous and he is remarkably good copy."

Sir Hugh Walpole once, and memorably, recognised the interest of such a theme, and now comes Mr. Gerald Bullett who, with **A MAN OF FORTY** (Dent. 7s. 6d.), has written something that is not quite a love story, not quite a murder story, and not quite a disquisition on middle-age and its less considered impulses.

His forty-year-old is a pleasant kind of fellow who lives in the country with his wife and small son. His marriage has lasted fifteen years, in which time he has tired of it a little and kept only a friendly affection for his wife and a warmer love for the little boy. He has been in love with another woman, but the birth of his son has prevented that incident from becoming more important or more permanent. Now, at forty, an age which Mr. Bullett, in common with some of his colleagues, obviously thinks of as the crossroads of a man's emotional life, he meets a young and very beautiful girl.

Her beauty enchants him, and her inanity disturbs him not at all. He decides to leave his wife for her, and announces his decision with the usual and unhappy results. And that might be that, except that suddenly, for a very good reason, but with no preamble, there is a murder in which the husband and the wife are concerned.

That part is excellent, puzzling, and exciting, though no more exciting to a contemplative mind than Mr. Bullett's consistently sensitive drawing of character, and if the solution is no more than plausible it is not disappointing, and another of Mr. Bullett's books has achieved that *desideratum* of less distinguished writers, of being a novel without a superfluous or a commonplace word.

On the fifteenth floor of a Los Angeles hotel a young and pretty girl spends the day reviewing her past life, with all its small social triumphs, its humiliations, and its very real tragedies. The usual incidents in an attractive girl's career have been hers; she has been in love, she has been admired, she has had to cope with shyness, with ambition and with an inadequate dress allowance. All these little problems, which are part of the stuff of life to every normal girl, have taken on a more tragic cast to her, for she is not that normal girl.

On this day, when she takes stock of her twenty years and tries to decide for or against suicide, half of Los Angeles is waiting for that decision, policemen hold back crowds in their thousands and newspapers publish hourly editions, for the girl on the fifteenth floor has been standing, since the morning, on a ledge between two windows, out of reach from her frenzied sister in the room behind her.

No one can save her by any physical effort, but there is always a chance that her sister, or her brother-in-law, or a police matron, or her mother's voice over a telephone may hold just the argument which will persuade her to come back.

Mr. Myron Brinig's plot has, I understand, some parallel in life, since there was a suicide not many months ago in New York who used the same horrifying method of delay, but there the resemblance ends and Mr. Brinig has drawn on his own dramatic resources for the effect this would-be suicide has on at least five other lives in the city. **ANNE MINTON'S LIFE** (Heinemann. 8s. 3d.) is a novel built on terror and its climax is so inevitable that it is almost satisfactory. This is a *tour de force* and an interesting one.

The "I Have Been Here Before" school of fiction has never lacked recruits, and whenever popular taste demands romance, re-incarnation is a sure gambit. Having decided to use this well worn trick with time, Lady Eleanor Smith has seen no reason why she should not experiment with it.

LOVERS' MEETING (Hutchinson. 9s. 6d.) begins with a prologue on the working of a magic spell. Lord Barradale, heir to an earldom and rather a good painter, had met Martina Forest in Venice a few years before. She had been very young and he, in the intervening years before he realised his love, had contracted a loveless marriage. The lovers are really up against it, for Isabel refuses to divorce him, Martina's father turns out to be a shady adventurer and the noble earl turns on his heir.

So, with the aid of the spell of the prologue, back they whisk to 1812, back to the same great house, Camelos, but this time Barradale is a penniless tutor and Martina is the Lady Harriet Fane. Here the author makes her experiment. Both the lovers have a full remembrance of the life they have, by choice, abandoned. In those Regency days they know exactly what life was like in the 1930's. Had they chosen to use that knowledge the result might have been very exciting, but Lady Eleanor Smith only permits one episode when the tutor, in his cups, prophesies the downfall of Napoleon, shattering his audience into believing him to have contact with the devil.

Mostly their "remembering" is confined to their own lovers' problem and it is entirely reasonable that Barradale should increasingly yearn to return to 1938. With as much reason Martina begins to enjoy living in the character of Lady Harriet. The day must come when the spell should be evoked again, and both the author and the reader are entitled not to have the solution revealed.

Lady Eleanor Smith is sure enough of her fantasy to carry the story along with a quick urgency that gives it an air of credibility.

The Americans, who love to sloganise everything, have recently been treating themselves to a competition to put a label on the years 1930-40. The "Roaring Twenties" they are apparently agreed upon, but they could produce nothing more inspired than "Dismal" for the Thirties—the word "Drivelling" apparently having another meaning in that language.

Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge, a writer who never seems to be at a loss for the trenchant adjective, is content to describe those teetering years as **THE THIRTIES** (Hamilton. 9s. 6d.). The restraint is remarkable, for he is restrained about little else that happened during that period.

So many things happened. A Labour Government; the Fall of the Pound; Ramsay MacDonald; Mr. Baldwin; a Jubilee; an Abdication; Mr. Anthony Eden; Abyssinia; Spain. Mr. Muggeridge has a high old time with the lot of them; commenting, quoting, embellishing the narrative with wit, thwacking at reputations with wisecracks. Here is an example of his style: He is discussing the formation of the National Government. Ramsay MacDonald was Prime Minister ("Thank God For Him" Mr. Garvin headed his next article) and Mr. Noel Coward was ready with *Cavalcade*.

"Both MacDonald and Mr. Coward had reached the climax of their careers. By routes how different, they had arrived at the same point, the one purveying sentimental idealism, the other sentimental cynicism; sweetly bitter and bitter sweet, my working class friends and my idling class friends."

The effect of the Spanish Civil War on the intelligentsia of this country and of the United States he describes in a vivid passage which names names and underscores like this:—". . . under these confused auspices the Brigade fought valiantly, attracting to itself the adventurous, the idealistic, and sometimes the despairing, from all parts of the world. These at any rate had managed, to their own satisfaction, to make explicit a conflict they felt was implicit in the circumstances of their lives"

Brilliant, provocative, exceptionally good reading, and the current Book Society choice.

THE LIFEBOATMEN'S WAR AGAINST THE NAZIS

A DISTRESS SIGNAL HAS BEEN SEEN: THE CREW OF THE CROMER LIFEBOAT RACE FOR THE BOATHOUSE TO CLAIM A LIFEBELT, WHICH ENTITLES THEM TO A PLACE IN THE BOAT. FREQUENTLY THERE ARE MORE VOLUNTEERS THAN PLACES

THE CREW OF THE GORLESTON LIFEBOAT—JO JOHNSON (cox); PERCY JAMES (mechanic); BEAUMONT DARBY (chief engineer); LEWIS SYMONDS; AND THOMAS MORELY (bowman)

MR. PERCY JAMES, TRAVELLING MECHANIC OF THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFEBOAT INSTITUTION, WITH COX CHARLES JOHNSON (right), KNOWN LOCALLY AS "JO"

THE LIFEBOAT IS NOW BEING LAUNCHED ON ITS HAZARDOUS JOURNEY—THIS IS A SCENE WHICH IS BEING ENACTED DAILY AROUND THE SHORES OF BRITAIN OWING TO THE MURDER CAMPAIGN OF GERMAN AIRMEN AND SUBMARINES

A LIFEBOAT BRINGS THE WOUNDED SURVIVORS OF THE ITALIAN STEAMER "AMELIA LAURO" ASHORE AFTER SHE WAS BOMBED AND SET ON FIRE BY A GERMAN PLANE

An arduous job at any time, the task of the lifeboatmen of Britain has suddenly become vastly more exacting owing to the murderous attacks on shipping—British and neutral alike—by Germany. Almost daily the lifeboatmen around the coasts of Britain are called upon to answer the signals of seamen in distress. And they answer the call instantly, succouring friend and enemy alike without hesitation. On many occasions, when the call comes, there are more volunteers than the lifeboat can carry!

BRITAIN'S FLEET OF LIFEBOATS KEEP IN TRIM FOR WAR-TIME LABOURS

Owing to Germany's ruthless war on unarmed merchant and fishing vessels, and the increased burdens it throws on to Britain's lifeboats, the Royal National Lifeboat Institution are overhauling their lifeboats much earlier than ever before. The first to go for overhaul is the very modern and efficient Gorleston and Great Yarmouth boat, the *Louis Stevens*. Only ten months old, this twin-screw craft has already a wonderful life-saving record. She is the first of the Gorleston class with a cabin and engine room below decks, and she is equipped with two-way radio. She is powered by two Diesel engines. The coxswain, Jo Johnson, a local innkeeper, was part designer of her. Above, the *Louis Stevens* is being manœuvred on to the slips at an Oulton Broad shipyard on her arrival for overhaul

THE DAYS BEFORE

A SIGHT TO GLADDEN THE HEART, FROM SCILLY: Although as recently as a few days ago snow was lying on the ground in the Home Counties, spring is definitely on the way. Here is a striking picture from Lunnon, on St. Mary's, one of the Scilly Islands group, where fields of daffodils are now being picked for the London markets

A RUSTIC SCENE FROM ABRIDGE, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF LONDON: This happy group of Essex landworkers have spent the morning opening up a "clamp." The potatoes have been stored on a bed of straw and covered over with straw and earth, leaving a mound looking like an air-raid shelter. But this is not a war-time food supply measure; it's the way generations of farmers have stored their potatoes

TO BE A SCHOOLMASTER IN REAL LIFE: Mr. Will Hay is a stage and film star famed for his "schoolmaster" impersonations; he is now to lecture to Home Defence men on astronomy. As a keen amateur star-gazer he was the first to observe a large spot on Saturn, his discovery being officially recognised by the Royal Astronomical Society. Here he is seen at the big telescope in his own private observatory

AT A SPRING FASHION PARADE IN LONDON: Owing to the war the French fashion designers have found only a limited response from women of fashion for their new models shown, in traditional fashion, in Paris in February. In London, however, native designers have had the opportunity of showing their collections to enhanced audiences. This picture was taken in Grosvenor Street where a gathering of distinguished people witnessed the parade of the latest spring models

MEN PICK AND CHOOSE THEIR EMPLOYERS IN NORTHUMBERLAND: The scene at the annual March hirings for farm workers held at Morpeth in Northumberland last week. There were more farmers looking for workers than there were men wishing to be hired out for the next twelve months. Here is the scene near the Town Hall, which for generations has been the traditional "hiring stand"

THE BIG WAR LOAN RUSH AT THE BANK: Subscription lists for the new £300,000,000 3 per cent. War Loan opened last week and closed a short time after. The issue was greatly over-subscribed, and so keen was the response throughout the country that "the City" was taken somewhat by surprise. In the above picture clerks at the Bank of England are seen dealing with the mass of applications from all over the country

EASTER: NEWS PICTURES FROM ALL PARTS OF BRITAIN

CHARLIE, THE KING OF THE VILLAGE: No need to ask at Sevington, Wilts., who "Charlie" Holbrow is. Charlie *is* Sevington—he might be described as the village "Poo-Bah." He sweeps chimneys, cuts hair, repairs boots, takes the church collection, and delivers the Sunday papers. He works eleven hours a day on a local farm as well! Charlie served during the last war and would go again if wanted

SIGNS OF SPRING FROM THE COUNTY OF WESTMORLAND: Witherslack Hall in Westmorland is the country home of Mr. Oliver Stanley, Minister for War. It is now occupied by evacuee children from the Royal Victoria School for the Blind. A few days ago, when this picture was taken, the grounds of the Hall were ablaze with snowdrops

A WEDDING PARTY HELD UP AT A WEST COUNTRY SMITHY: When the village blacksmith was married last week at St. Barnabas Church, Warmley, near Bristol, the bridal party was stopped at the groom's forge. A customer wanted a pony shod urgently; the groom donned his leather apron and carried out the job, afterwards going on to the reception. In the picture above, the bride is seen on the left with her retinue outside the smithy watching her husband at work

A DISTINGUISHED PAINTER DEPICTS THE "GRAF SPEE' BATTLE: Mr. Frank Mason, R.I., is one of the few artists to take a theme from the present war for one of his canvases. He has made a vivid picture (seen above on his easel) of the battle off Montevideo in which the *Achilles*, *Ajax* and *Exeter* took part. This picture is to appear on the front cover of *The Navy*, journal of the Navy League

THE LADIES OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS "DO THEIR BIT": Each week since the outbreak of war these ladies have met at the house of Mrs. Ronald Greville at 16, Charles Street, Mayfair, where they knit and sew for war charities. The meetings are under the chairmanship of Madame Regis de Oliveira. Lady Halifax, wife of the British Foreign Secretary, is the only member of the party who is not foreign

AUCTIONING A CIRCUS—A STRANGE SIGHT: One of the strangest auction sales held in Britain was seen at Cheshunt, Hertfordshire, a few days ago, when a complete circus was put up for sale. Originally well known throughout the country as "Chapman's Circus," everything which went to make it up was put under the hammer, including the big top tents, performing animals and well-braided uniforms

WEATHER VICTIMS IN AMERICA

A SKID ON THE ICE: Two people were hurt when this lamp standard was knocked down by a car which skidded into it. This picture was taken on a highway converging into New York where—in common with most European countries—the worst weather conditions since 1938 have been experienced

SNOW-BOUND WHILE PARKED: Many cars were found literally covered with snow as they were left parked by the kerb, even when the stop was only a short one. A driving wind of gale proportions piled the snow to heights of over 4 ft.

CATCHING THE BLACK-OUT SPEEDSTER

BY PATROL CAR: Police cars doing exactly 20 m.p.h. are being used to catch motorists who infringe the new speed limit during the hours of darkness. Any car passing will be signalled to stop by means of a red signal lamp

TRAPPING ON FOOT: After being timed over a measured distance the offending motorist is stopped by a white-coated policeman waving a red lamp. Magistrates are inflicting severe fines on those who offend by speeding in the black-out

THE PETROL WORLD

A NIGHT DRIVE through TOWN

The Difficulties which Beset the Motorist who Travels in a City

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

I HAVE just driven my small car over a distance of more than 30 miles in London during the black-out period and my experiences may be of some use to my readers, especially those who have just re-licensed their cars and will have to drive them during the darkness in a built-up area. Quite definitely my advice to country drivers unused to big cities is—put up at an hotel for the night rather than drive right through a big city during the black-out period.

To commence with, although I have driven the car in question almost every day for six months I found it quite impossible to gauge 20 m.p.h. by the sound of the engine when I was in top gear. True, I could get near to this momentous figure, but it is quite conceivable from other people's experiences that even 24 m.p.h. may land you in prison or in the payment of a fine which, in these hard times, would ruin a number of people.

I found my estimation of speed around the 20 m.p.h. mark was far more accurate on third gear than on top, the reason, I suppose, being that the safe limit on this gear is 30 m.p.h. and so the number of revolutions that the engine is doing at 20 m.p.h. was a more pleasant and distinctive note than would have been the case had I been in top gear. As a matter of fact, the average small car is not too good at 20 m.p.h. on top gear over long distances, although I know that in most cases the speed will come down to a much lower figure if necessary, and travelling for 10 miles or so on an indirect gear is none too good for any car.

In order to check my speed on occasions I switched on the very dim light which illuminates various dials on the dashboard. True, I was able to discern at what figure the speedometer needle was pointing, but the effect of this blue illumination completely dazzled me so far as seeing the road was concerned. The experiment, therefore, was not repeated too often.

All this has led me to believe that the present law of the land is most unfair, and even with the best will in the world and with the exercise of the highest skill it is highly likely that the driver will exceed 20 m.p.h. unknowingly, resulting in unpleasant and extremely expensive proceedings. It is, therefore, cheaper, although perhaps not so exciting, to spend a pound or so and stay the night in an hotel.

I, as well as hundreds of thousands of motorists, have been persuading ourselves that the official mask on our one headlamp gives us a reasonable amount of light. The reason why we have thought so is because the present regulations give us more illumination than the previous arrangement, but it is time that we ceased to kid ourselves, because if we are really truthful we are bound to confess that the light from our headlamp just enables us to pick out the edges of a road which is not too wide, and perhaps the lower portions of a pedestrian provided that the clothing worn is of a very light colour.

If the average pedestrian, clothed in the usual way, is careless enough to attempt to cross the road during the hours of the black-out directly in front of an oncoming car, he or she is bound to be hit. The 20 m.p.h. limit so far as my observations showed me does not diminish in the slightest the chances of an accident occurring in the circumstances I have related. On the night in question I realised as I drove along that it was just pure chance whether I hit a pedestrian or not.

My eyesight is good, I have driven for thirty years and my insurance company still seem to like me, so that I think I can be considered, at any rate, an average motorist. I doubt if even a 10 m.p.h. limit would save the pedestrian who walks across a car within a few feet. I was amazed, on the occasion to which I allude, at the number of jay-walkers apparently aimlessly wandering across the street. The authorities are only putting off the evil day, as they imagine it, when the walking public will have to be made to obey the elementary laws of self-preservation.

On more than one occasion I have referred to the Motor Trade War Executive, which is a body sponsored by the motor trade to look after its interests during the war. The fact that the trade is having a very lean time is no fault of this executive, because the people directing it are full of energy, enthusiasm and common sense. They have introduced a slogan which is "keep your road wheels turning" and before long we shall find stamps on our envelopes and posters all over the place bearing these words.

The executive point out, as I have been doing for many weeks, that to motor to-day is not unpatriotic. Not only does it give needed recreation to those in the car, but it assists in a practical manner to keep the garages and petrol stations throughout the country in a live state. Provided, therefore, that the car owner has petrol which he has obtained by means of the coupons properly issued to him, he is doing no harm to anyone in driving his car; in fact, he is definitely helping the war effort.

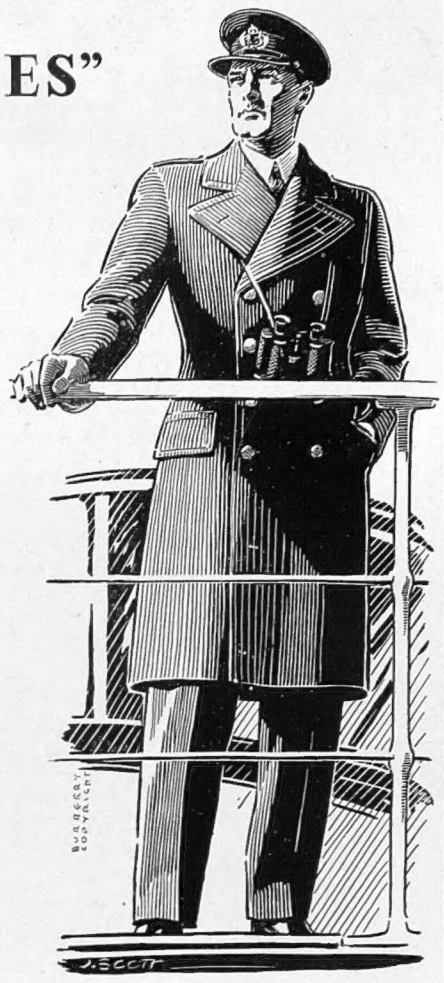
The R.A.C. guide in blue has been for many years a familiar person on the roads, but the average motorist possibly does not appreciate that frequently these men are called upon to perform the most incredible tasks. During one of the recent freeze-ups, just to give an instance, a guide came across two long strings of vehicles perfectly stationary on opposite sides of the road. On making investigations he found that the blockage had been caused by two tall commercial vehicles which were facing in opposite directions leaning against one another. Without much hesitation the guide thought to himself that his spade which forms part of his equipment would, at last, be useful. By digging away the snow beneath the near side wheels of each vehicle the lorries took up a more propitious angle and were able to drive away clear of each other. On another occasion a guide came across a car which had stopped and on lifting up the bonnet with the driver found to his amazement that the engine was packed tightly with compressed snow which had obviously been drawn through the radiator by the fan. No part of the engine was visible and apparently there was insufficient heat to melt the mass. Nothing daunted, the R.A.C. guide started clearing away the snow with his hands and the jack-handle and eventually the engine was re-started. After this experience the owner decided to return home.

A third experience of quite a different character was when a guide had to assist in controlling frenzied animals which had to be rushed to higher ground because the cattle market in which they were standing became inundated suddenly by floods. The next duty of this guide was to find practicable outward routes for motorists trapped in the town. He found these but the water was rising so rapidly that they became impassable almost before they could be used. Other routes were then discovered and at length with the day's work well done the guide set off for home only to find that the water was again rising and that he himself was completely cut off.

Motorists who are taking out their cars for the first time this year for the holiday period should make quite certain that their traffic indicators are working properly. It is highly probable during the period of rest in the garage that the pin on which the indicator hangs has become rusty or the oil has dried up. An application of light machine oil to the affected part will in most cases overcome the arm's sluggish movements. A small brush or a feather dipped in the oil is the most convenient method of inducing the oil to go where it is required.

What articles have the greatest value in Great Britain to-day? Petrol coupons; because they appear to be irreplaceable. A car may be stolen, a house destroyed by fire, jewels lost, but, provided the owner has the money or is fully insured, each of these can be replaced. No money, however, can purchase a fresh supply of petrol coupons, nor can their loss be insured against. For this reason the R.A.C. is urging its members to take the greatest care of their petrol ration books and supplementary coupons. A number of cases have been reported to the club where these have been stolen from parked cars or have been lost in other circumstances, but in no instance has it been possible to obtain a replacement.

"DOG-WATCHES"



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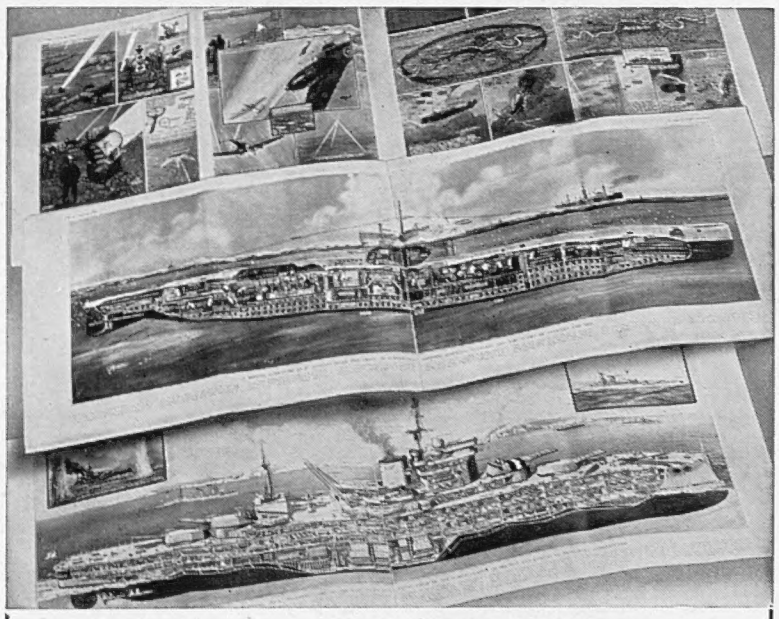

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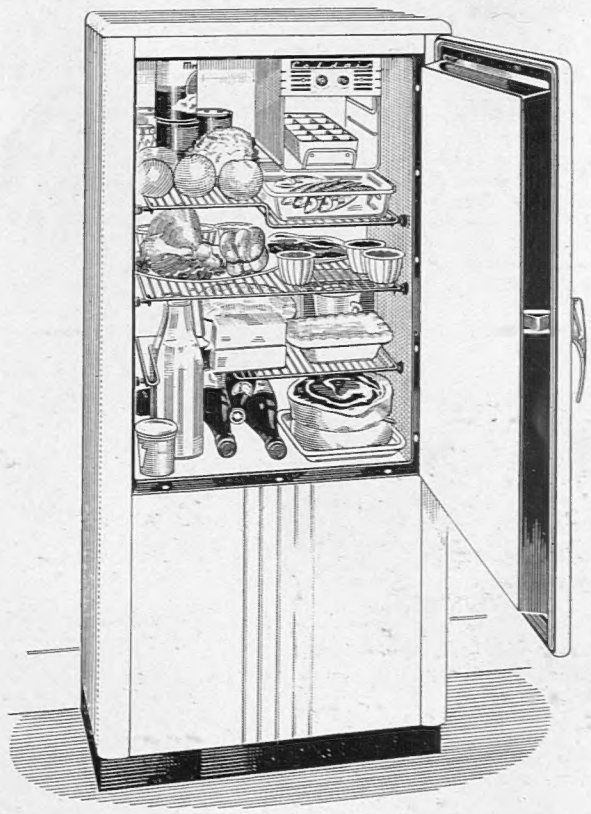

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Dining and Dancing in London—The City of Superb Entertainment

WITH Mr. C. B. Cochran's permission I will borrow for this week the title of his admirable war-time revue at the Savoy Theatre, *Lights Up*. For what better caption could there be to describe the brightness which can be found behind London's black-out?

Having taken French leave, so to speak, of Mr. Cochran we must, in common decency, put the Savoy Theatre where *Lights Up* is billed at the top of our entertainment list. This in turn automatically suggests a light dinner before the show, and after, the supper dance cabaret at the Savoy itself.

Of course, to round off an excellent evening one should sleep at the Savoy, and incredible as it may seem, dinner dance or supper dance cabaret plus room with private bath and full English breakfast costs but 35s. single or 30s. each for a double room.

No black-out to worry about. A saving in cost of taxi fares, seeing that the theatre is outside the door, and withal extraordinary good value for money.

Lights Up at the Savoy Theatre and "Lights Out" at the Savoy Hotel might well be termed the "Heavenly Twins."

Another typical example of how the top-notchers amongst London hotels cater for war-time needs is Grosvenor House in Park Lane. Here, in this one-time millionaire's mile, one can have a room with private bath for 21s. single and 31s. 6d. double, with reductions to members of the Forces in uniform to 18s. 6d. and 27s. 6d. respectively.

Little wonder then that Grosvenor House is an attractive draw these days for those wanting an evening or more's entertainment. Every day there is a 2s. 6d. cocktail dance in the lounge (4s. at week-ends). Dancing and cabaret in the restaurant in the evening—the war-time price for each including dinner or supper is 12s. 6d. And finally the lift—and so to bed.

Again, no black-out to fear. No petrol to worry about, though if you are one of the hardy type who is prepared to face the discomforts of night travel in war-time the cabaret is staged at 10.30. It may be, though, that after Paddy Brown's invitation to waltz with her or one of the rest of the company, you will be sorry that you arranged to catch that last train home.

Of the May Fair, Hotel St. Regis, and the Piccadilly, I wrote a few weeks back, so suffice it to say that each contributes handsomely to the "lights up" life of London and each has someone of note as guest artist of the evening.

Another hotel and restaurant in the heart of the West End is Oddenino's, known to many as one of the gayest places for dining and dancing. There are few who realise that it is one of the quietest places in the whole of the West End to stay at. In fact, there are few who realise that it is an hotel at all!

When the new Regent Street was built the old Oddy's was obliterated But, phœnix-like, a new Oddenino's was created, and though there was a time when there seemed a doubt whether the new could ever gain the popularity of the old, Oddy's to-day is much sought after.

Oddenino's for dinner and dancing is essentially cosmopolitan in its character. Few people dress. There is an atmosphere of abandon. The dance band vie with the dancers in their energies, and round about eleven o'clock each night some well-known star comes on to the floor to entertain. Since the new year they have had a galaxy of talent, and Oddenino's certainly upholds that gaiety so much needed in London to-day.

Like other hotels in London, special concessions are made to members of His Majesty's Forces consisting of a 10 per cent. reduction on room accommodation, or in the brasserie or restaurant.

As an indication of price, a double room with private bath, inclusive of a full table d'hote breakfast for two is as low as 25s. per night, whilst dinner dance cabaret is 8s. 6d.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

H. C., Knightsbridge.—It's a bit difficult to know what to advise you with regard to Sussex. If your husband is still keen on Sussex I would as an alternative suggest Shelleys Hotel at Lewes which is situated in the centre of the Sussex Downs. It is an excellently run hotel. The Whitefriars Hotel, Boreham Street, near Herstmonceux, is very good. I am not sure what the riding facilities are there.

If your husband did think of Somerset, why not Dulverton? It is very get-at-able by train and there is an excellent little hotel there called Woodcote.

W. M., Woking.—If you take my advice you will stay 4 miles out of Steyning at the Clematis Cottage Hotel, Washington. I have asked Mrs. Andrews to send you particulars.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Able Seaman Martin Hugh Lee—an ex-*Arethusa* Boy—has recently been awarded the Stanhope Gold Medal by the Court of the Royal Humane Society in recognition of the bravest deed which had come to the Society's notice during the year. The feat actually took place in 1938. Lee, then being nineteen, saved the whole crew of his ship, the S.S. *Haranteh*, when she went ashore at night off the coast of Chile. Struggling in the raging sea, Lee managed to reach nearby rocks to which he transferred the whole crew with the aid of a coil of rope and the bos'n's chair. When Martin Hugh Lee was informed that he had been awarded the Medal he was very surprised and said: "I'm an ex-*Arethusa* boy, and if there's any honour it goes to them for giving me a start." The *Arethusa* Training Ship is still giving poor boys that splendid training, which, in later years, often brings them before the public eye because of their courageous services to the maritime world. The Admiral-of-the-Fleet The Earl of Cork and Orrery is making a special appeal for funds to save this National work from curtailment. Please send donations to The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from which address they will be gratefully acknowledged. Please mark your envelope "Courage."

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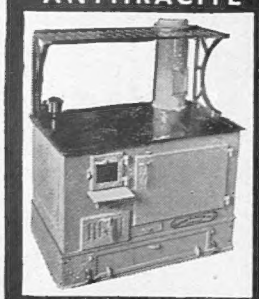

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WHY WAR?

By Charles Spencelayh

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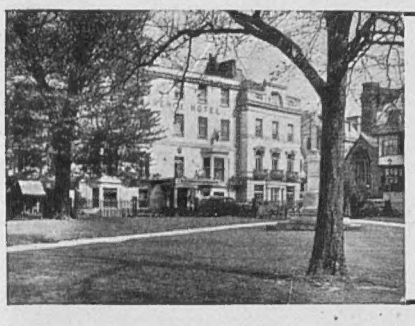

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

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Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. & R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscastle.—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal.
Brighton.—The King's Hotel.
Budleigh Salterton.—Rosemullion Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Chichester.—The Ship Hotel. Tel. 2028.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel. 330
Crowborough (Sussex).—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
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Paignton.—Ravenswood. Cliff Road.
Paignton.—Redcliffe Hotel.
Plympton (nr. Plymouth).—Elfordleigh Hotel.
Pulborough (Sussex).—Lodge Hill Hotel.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Shaftesbury (Dorset).—Coombe House Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Cedar Shade Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Torbay Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Twyford (Berks.).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Washington (Sussex).—Clematis Cottage Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

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(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

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Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

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Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.

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Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
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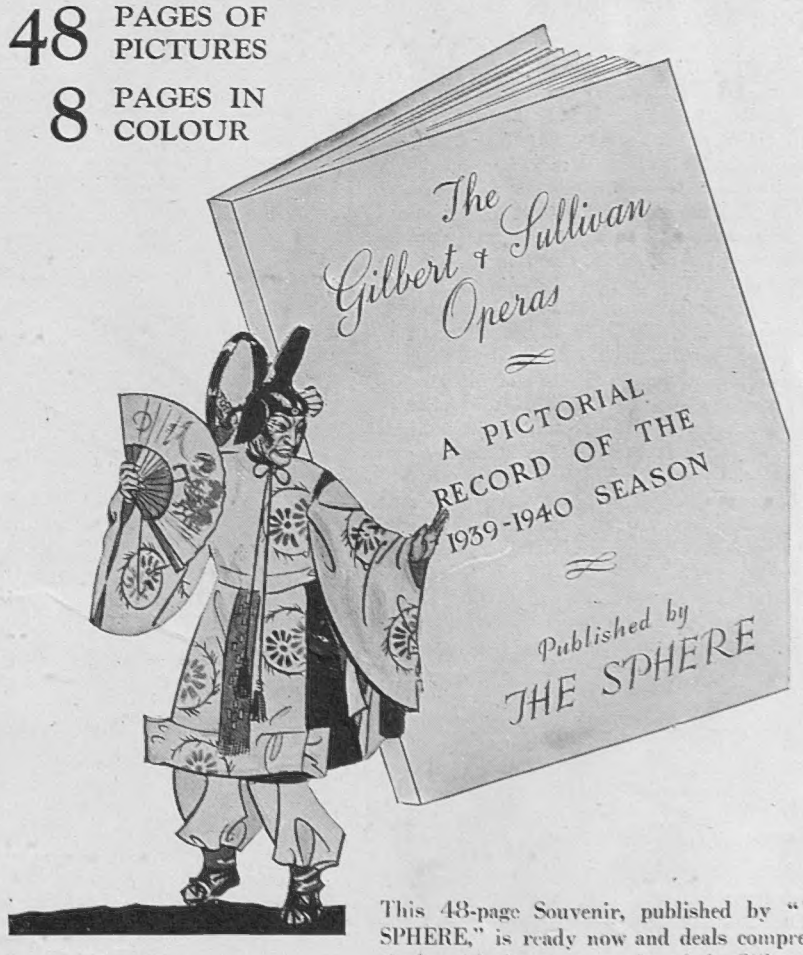

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Hohenzollern Resurrection?

They lost their throne in the last war. At the end of this one, will they regain it?

by C. Patrick Thompson

"THE Hohenzollerns are dead—long live the Hohenzollerns. Look! The next King of Prussia."

It was the girl who had drawn my eye—a tanned, slim girl with a dancer's walk, blonded hair, and a gay eye. At my companion's remark I withdrew my glance and looked for a thin figure with pouched blue eyes in a parrot face under a thick thatch of pale swept-back hair: the familiar face of the ex-Kaiser's eldest son.

"No, there, with the girl."

Then I looked back and saw that the girl's escort was a tall young man with full soft lips, rounded chin, the blue Guelphic eye set in a wide socket, smooth hair parted low at the side and brushed back. Prince Wilhelm of Prussia, eldest son of the ex-Crown Prince of Germany.

"And the next Queen of Prussia?" I suggested, watching with interest their progress under a *maître's* guidance to a corner table across the dance floor of the Casanova. My companion laughed. "Who, then?" He shrugged. "Nobody I know. A girl of the theatre, I expect. He is young, you know."

A fat, green bottle of champagne was screwed into the ice in front of them. The waiter scooped caviare out of a full can. They rose and took the floor. He danced with a smooth ease. No one in the crowd paid any attention to them.

"The Hohenzollerns' best bet," said my friend, watching them thoughtfully. A Ruhr industrialist's son, detached from politics, he voiced a view which one often heard in Germany in those 1932-1933 days, when the monarchy topic was always cropping up.

A little later, Germans did not talk any more in public places about the Hohenzollerns' best bet, or about the Hohenzollerns at all. Nor did the Hohenzollerns themselves discuss their political chances. It was too dangerous.

In June, 1934, on mere suspicion of being involved with General von Schleicher in a plot involving a monarchical restoration, Franz von Papen was held by the *Schupo* under house arrest, and came close to sharing the fate of his adjutants, and General von Schleicher, all assassinated by Goering's *Feldpolizei*. Even "Auwi," Prince August Wilhelm, the Kaiser's fourth son, a Nazi of old standing (the only Hohenzollern to wear the Nazi brown shirt), a Reichstag deputy, and a S.A. brigade leader, was pulled out of his Potsdam villa, and narrowly escaped joining the rows of suspect S.A. leaders who were being shot down in batches against the wall of the Lichtenfeld S.S. barracks by execution squads of the black-uniformed regime guards.

Auwi satisfied Goering that he had no part in the Roehm-Schleicher conspiracy. "Take Auwi away," said Goering at last. "He's too stupid to have had anything to do with these things."

Pictures of five, seven, nine years ago! Events move fast under the Nazi dynamism, and once again the Hohenzollerns are in the picture. They lost their throne at the end of the last war. At the end of this one, will they regain it?

At first glance the very idea has a dream-like quality. But it is being discussed in chancellories, in royalist circles in many countries, in the entourages of the ex-kings and ex-ruling princes, among revolutionaries both Right and Left, in Foreign Offices and embassies, in the cafés and back-street hotels where secret service agents rendezvous. The topic revolves, of course, around the question: *after Hitler, what, and whom?*

A tentative answer to that question has already been provided in a report discussed in the French and neutral Press. This report is to the effect that Goering's friends have put out a peace feeler. If Hitler retired, and Goering took over as Chancellor, with a monarchical restoration in the person of one of the ex-Kaiser's grandsons, would that satisfy the main Allied war aim; which seems to be, not destruction of the German people, but replacement of a war-minded Government whose words and signature cannot be trusted, by a Government with whom negotiations are possible, and which will not follow the Nazi give-us-what-we-want-or-it 's-war method?

You will want to read the whole of this fine article which will help you to answer the question all Europe is asking, if Hitler resigns, who will succeed him?

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If you are contemplating refurnishing your bedroom you must see these two pages of distinguished bedroom designs. There are also two more pages of lovely rooms, planned for gracious living.

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